

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
SIXTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
Oregon Pioneer Association;
FOR
1878;

AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. WM. STRONG,
TOGETHER WITH
THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



SALEM, OREGON:
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
1879.



SIXTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS, }
SALEM, June 14, 1878. }

The morning of June 14, 1878 was ushered in with a bright sunshine and a pleasant day. At an early hour many teams containing pioneer families and friends hastening to participate in the festivities of the occasion, on the State Agricultural Fair Grounds, that had been generously thrown open for the occasion. Trains from the north and south swelled the throng from each end of the valley, all anticipating a day of recreation and renewal of old acquaintances.

At 10½ o'clock, Wm. J. Herren, Esq., President of the Association, called the audience to order, when a devout prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Hill, of Albany; after which the President introduced Judge Wm. Strong, the Orator of the Day, who delivered an address of one and a half hours, replete with historical information and eloquent passages, reflecting great credit upon the speaker.

At the close of the Annual Address, the audience was dismissed to partake of an old fashioned pic-nic dinner, and the scene was very picturesque as they were scattered in groups through the beautiful oak grove, partaking of the good things that the Pioneer ladies had prepared, and it can be said without any fear of contradiction, that all are adepts in culinary art, as the specimens amply verified. Groups visited each other without reserve, old friends met again who had not seen each other for years; inquiries were made of absent ones, and incidents recalled that had

not been brought to memory for years. Good feeling prevailed among all.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the President called the audience to order, and Judge J. Quinn Thornton was introduced, who delivered an interesting historical address on the emigration of 1846, confined mostly to that portion who came into the Willamette valley by the Southern route, he being one of the number.

After the close of the Occasional Address by Judge Thornton, Gen. Joel Palmer was called upon to address the audience, which he complied with in a very acceptable manner, although he was quite feeble from a late severe sickness.

CAMP FIRE.

In the evening the Camp Fire was lighted and different persons were called upon to narrate their experiences.

The first called upon was Mr. Wm. Barlow of Clackamas county, who gave an interesting account of his youthful experience when Oregon was new, and grew quite eloquent over the grand old days when we lived under the Provisional government.

Mr. W. C. Myers of Jackson county, also entertained the audience with a few well chosen remarks, especially that portion referring to the early settlement of that county.

Joseph Watt who came to Oregon in 1843, said that amid all the vicissitudes and hardships encountered, the mind of the Pioneer never faltered, never gave up, nor was there a time when the camp was not livened with humor, while the same could be said of the days when the early homes were made.

Captain William Shaw, who is better known as "Uncle Billy Shaw," who was in his 84th year was loudly called, and he somewhat surprised the audience with his remarkable strength for a man of his years. He was Captain of one of the earliest wagon trains across the plains, and gave an interesting account of the trip, its cares and responsibilities that he was compelled to assume

on account of the position imposed upon him. He was a Pioneer from boyhood, as he was born on the ocean shores of North Carolina, constantly beating west, until now he resided in the far sun-down State of the Union whose shores were washed by the great Pacific, actually going from ocean to ocean. He stated that he was induced to emigrate hither at that time to save this fair land to our common country and partly through the representations held out by Senator Linn's bill in regard to donations.

Mrs. Mary Minto also responded in a happy style, giving incidents of the hardships that a girl of thirteen, who grew to womanhood in the then wilds of Oregon. The way that she obtained her first pair of shoes, was that when going to a neighbor's through the mud, she met a young man who was a shoemaker, and who found and measured her track, surprising her a few days afterwards by presenting her with a pair.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith was loudly called and responded in his usual happy style, giving many laughable incidents that transpired while upon the plains. He also paid a glowing tribute to those who braved all dangers to reach this country and force the United States Government to accept the gift and incorporate it in the possessions of the Union.

Mr. Wm. J. Herren give a thrilling account of a night adventure when he found a mother and two daughters lost in the mountains by their cries of distress, and took them to his camp and made them as comfortable as possible until morning when he had the pleasure of restoring them to their husband and father.

Mr. James Morris made a good speech of old times, glorifying that he had helped to accomplish. He told a good story of how envious his neighbors became, when his wife succeeded in dyeing his buckskin pants black.

Geo. B. Jackson sung several songs that he had sang upon the plains and in Oregon, over a third of a century before, also one that he sang of Yankee valor at an entertainment on board of the

British ship *Modeste* lying in the Columbia river at that time, his temerity astonishing our British cousins considerably.

After remarks by various persons the meeting adjourned to meet again at the same place at the Annual Re-Union; the Camp Fire had gradually gone down, and the congregation disappeared in the surrounding darkness as in the days they retired for the night in crossing the plains. But not all will meet again, for some who were there have fulfilled their mission on earth and passed away.

PIONEER BALL.

At the time of the Camp Fire meeting, the Pioneer Ball was going on in the pavilion, which was well attended, and at times there were twenty sets upon the floor at once; all entering heartily into the enjoyment of the occasion. Dancing was kept up until 5 o'clock the next morning.

SECOND DAY.

At 10½ o'clock, A. M., the members met in the oak grove and was called to order by the President, Wm. J. Herren, for the purpose of hearing the reports of the officers and holding the annual election.

The Recording Secretary submitted the following report:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. President and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The operations of the office and affairs of the Association have not been very extensive, but the influence of the organization is gradually and surely spreading, and it is to be hoped that all the Pioneers of Oregon will become members.

There has been but few deaths, Rev. E. Walker, who came to Oregon in 1838, and Mrs. J. L. Starkey, who came in 1852, were reported to the Secretary during the year.

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

I would recommend that a committee be elected for the purpose of collect-

ing relics of the Indian tribes of Oregon, that they may be preserved in the Association's museum; such as bows and arrows, quivers, horse trappings, and other articles that went to make up an Indian's out-fit in the early days of Oregon's history.

PIONEER ROOMS.

Governor S. F. Chadwick has generously assigned a room in the State Capitol building for the use of this Association, for the purpose of the safe-keeping of our property, books, papers, etc., which was granted upon application by a resolution passed by the Board of Directors.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

I would suggest that the limit of membership be extended to the year 1854, so as to allow many who came to this country then to join us. It seems to me, that any person who has resided in Oregon from that date should be considered a Pioneer.

MEMBERSHIP DUES.

There are 582 contributing members upon our rolls, and if all would pay the amount of dues that they are expected, the affairs of the Association would be in a much more prosperous condition, and some means should be devised to collect up the amount.

GATE FEES.

The subject of collecting a small gate fee, say twenty-five cents, is one that should be considered; the amount is small, but would aggregate a sum sufficiently large to relieve us considerably. The officers serve the Association without any compensation whatever and the members certainly should pay up their dues which is only one dollar per year.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,
Recording Secretary.

Mr. John M. Bacon submitted the following as the

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1878.

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure of again presenting this my third annual report of the transactions of the Treasurer's office for the year past.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

1877.

RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To amount on hand as per report.....	\$ 4 37
"	Received from J. Henry Brown.....	472 83
"	" " E. M. Waite.....	27 00
16,	" " Ball.....	330 00
"	" " E. M. Waite.....	5 00
"	" " J. M. Bacon, loan.....	10 00
"	" " W. H. Reese ".....	10 00
"	" " John Minto, ".....	10 00
"	" " Jos. Watt, ".....	10 00
"	" " J. H. Brown, ".....	2 50
"	" " Chris. Taylor, ".....	10 00
"	" " E. M. Waite, ".....	12 50
"	" " L. Savage.....	2 50
"	" " J. F. Miller.....	9 75
"	" " To balance.....	51

————\$916 96

EXPENDITURES.

June 16,	By warrant No. 23, E. M. Waite.....	\$202 00
"	" " 24, Bean & Davidson	8 00
"	" " 27, Adams & Chamberlain.....	13 25
"	" " 29, Lumbering Co.....	65 89
"	" " 30, L. S. Bates.,	4 50
"	" " 31, Himes	17 00
"	" " 32, W. J. Herren.....	84 70
"	" " 33, John Hughes.....	27 88
"	" " 35, Breyman Bros.....	5 25
"	" " 37, Geo. Foss.....	2 50
"	" " 38, J. D. Belt	2 00
"	" " 39, J. G. Wright.....	15 37
"	" " 40, A. G. Walling.....	7 50
"	" " 42, W. Graves	3 50
"	" " 43, J. G. Wright.....	2 38
"	" " 44, "	88
"	" " 45, L. Mauzey.....	6 50
"	" " 46, E. M. Waite.....	197 11
"	" " 47, J. Minto.....	25 00
"	" " 48, J. H. Haas.....	100 00
"	" " 49, E. K. Miller.....	6 00
"	" " 50, W. H. Brown.....	5 75

TREASURER'S REPORT.

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June 16, By warrant No. 51, D. H. Pugh.....	\$ 17 50
“ “ “ 52, Chemeketa Hotel.....	9 00
“ “ “ 53, Geo. Williams.....	7 50
“ “ “ 55, Mrs. Titus.....	5 00
“ “ “ 54, J. Henry Brown.....	20 00
“ “ “ 56, J. M. Bacon.....	5 00
“ “ “ 57, C. A. Reed.....	50 00

—————\$916 96

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON,

Treasurer.

On motion, the Treasurer's report was adopted.

The following officers were elected by acclamation to serve for the ensuing year.

President, M. Crawford, Dayton.

Vice President, W. L. White, Oregon City.

Recording Secretary, J. Henry Brown, Salem.

Corresponding Secretary, Willard H. Reese, Butteville.

Treasurer, John M. Bacon, Oregon City.

DIRECTORS.

William Barlow, Canby.

F. X. Mathiew, Butteville.

Thomas Montieth, Albany.

On motion the Association adjourned.

WM. J. HERREN, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Feb. 6, 1879.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the Recording Secretary's office, pursuant to previous call of the President.

Present, M. Crawford, President; W.L. White, Vice President; J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary; John M. Bacon, Treasurer; F. X. Mathieu and Wm. Barlow, of the Board of Directors, and several members of the Association.

Absent, Thomas Monteith, member of Board.

On suggestion of the President, J. M. Bacon and the Secretary, were appointed a committee to arrange an Order of Business, and the following was submitted :

1. Selecting the place of holding the Annual Re-Union.
2. Order of Exercises.
3. Appointing Committee on Printing.
4. Appointing Committee on Ball.
5. Election of Chief Marshal.
6. Election of Chaplain.
7. Miscellaneous Business.

On motion, the Order of Business was adopted.

The subject of selecting the place of holding the Annual Re-Union, elicited considerable discussion, and on motion, was laid on the table until 7 o'clock, P. M.

The following were appointed as Committee on Printing: J. Henry Brown, F. X. Mathieu and Wm. Barlow.

On motion, 1,000 copies of Transactions were ordered printed.

James Elkins of Albany, was elected Chief Marshal.

Rev. J. S. Griffin, was elected Chaplain.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, invite the Granges of this State to participate in the celebration of the Annual Re-Union of this Association, in June, 1879.

The selection of Willard H. Reese to deliver the Annual Address, and Ralph C. Geer, to deliver the Occasional Address, pertaining to the immigration of 1847, was confirmed.

On motion, the price of the ball tickets was placed at \$2.

On motion, a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the music at our next Re-Union. W. J. Herren and E. M. Waite, were appointed, and they to select the third member.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to send out invitations and solicit renewal of membership, also photographs, with date of arrival in Oregon, age, etc.

On motion, adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

On motion, it was decided to employ a brass band at the celebration.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to correspond with the different brass bands throughout the State, and employ according to his judgment that would give the most general satisfaction.

On motion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Samuel C. Upham, of Philadelphia, has presented to the Oregon Pioneer Association, his valuable book on early days of California, entitled "El Dorado, or Days of '49 and '50, in California." therefore,

Resolved, By the Board of Directors, that the thanks of the Association are

hereby tendered Mr. S. C. Upham for his kindness and hope that his book may meet with the sale it deserves.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association are hereby tendered to the Sacramento Pioneers of California for the magnificent collection of photographs of 109 members of their Society, and that we hope to be able to reciprocate the favor in kind.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Oregon Pioneer Association is hereby tendered the Territorial Pioneers of California for the present of one of their magnificent membership certificates.

On motion, John W. Minto was authorized to organize the Committee of Arrangements for the annual ball.

The Secretary was authorized to correspond with the various transportation companies in reference to the fare of members and friends to and from the Re-Union.

On motion, the following Committee of Arrangements was appointed: John W. Minto, Mrs. S. A. Clarke, Mrs. Werner Breyman, Mrs. Jos. Holman, J. A. Baker and Lewis Savage.

On motion, it was decided to hold at the next Re-Union at the Fair Grounds near Salem.

The Secretary was authorized to print badges of the Association to be worn by the members in attendance.

On motion, the Oregon Pioneer Historical Society was invited to attend the Re-Union, also the Southern Oregon Re-Union Society.

On motion, the Board adjourned *sine die*.

M. CRAWFORD, *President*.

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary*.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. WILLIAM STRONG.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The Oregon Pioneer Association meets to-day, here in the beautiful capital of our young State, for the sixth Annual Re-Union of its members; that we may spend a short time in social intercourse, greet old companions and friends, and by mutual converse refresh the memory, each of the other, in the incidents attending the settlement of Oregon.

Many who first planted the seeds of civilization in this portion of our country, are here present, living witnesses of all that has been done in the redemption of this land from the wilderness of nature, and its transformation into a beautiful abode and home for civilization. They were the actors, and they can look around with pride upon the great changes which have taken place since they first set foot in Oregon, and congratulate themselves that this is their work. Long may they live to enjoy the fruit of their labors.

An important object of this Association, and of the Annual Re-Union is to redeem from oblivion and place upon enduring record among its archives, such important or interesting incidents in the history of the early settlement of Oregon, as rest in tradition, in the memory of living actors, or have place only in newspapers and other ephemeral publications.

Much that is valuable has already been saved from loss, and may be found recorded among the Transactions of this Association.

It is not my intention to devote much time to what transpired prior to the year 1840. All the pioneer work has been done since that date, and although a few missionaries then had established missions in what is now Oregon, yet these looked only to the conversion of Indians and not to the general settlement of the country. A few white men had come to Oregon before that date, principally traders with the Indians, and now and then, a straggler had made his home in Oregon, for the reason probably, that in his aimless wanderings, he had struck the Pacific ocean, which rendered his further progress west by land impossible.

At the close of the year 1840, there were about two hundred persons in Oregon, exclusive of the Hudson's Bay Company and its employees, and of the native Indians.

Some few Americans citizens had come to Oregon prior to 1840 left over or strayed from various vessels and trading expeditions and a few persons not connected with the missionaries or with any organized party, came during the year 1840. Quite a number of mountain men who had been cut loose by the breaking up of the independent free trading companies, also came to Oregon in 1840, bringing with them their native wives and the children that had been born to them during their nomad life. All these numbered about 37. The Protestant missionaries, counting ministers, lay members, and women and children, were about 100, and the French Canadians old employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, but at this time settled in the Willamette valley numbered about 63; these were principally Catholics, and among these were three Catholic priests.

The title to the entire country from the Rocky mountains on the east to the ocean on the west, and from the Russian possessions on the north, to Mexico on the south, was in dispute between the kingdom of Great Britain and the United States, but was then open for commercial pursuits under the treaty of joint occupation.

Great Britain was represented by the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful corporation, which for many years had had possession of the entire Indian trade and had trading posts among the Indians all over Oregon. Its influence with the Indians was immense, and until the boundary treaty of 1846, it controlled the Canadian settlers.

The United States was represented by the missionaries and the few Americans I have before spoken of.

The outlook for an American State at this time was not very promising. The settled portions of the States were two thousand miles distant. No emigration had yet crossed the plains. The practicability of taking wagons any further than Fort Hall had not been demonstrated.

An emigration of 44 families containing 111 persons succeeded in reaching the Willamette valley in the fall of 1842. They however left their wagons at Fort Hall, but brought considerable stock with them.

In the fall of 1843, a large emigration of from 900 to 1,000 persons arrived, bringing with them a large number of cattle and horses, and also their wagons.

In both these emigrations were quite a number of able and educated men who have since held positions of trust in the Territory and State, with honor to themselves and profit to the public.

The arrival of the emigration of 1843, may be considered the turning point in the history of Oregon. It gave to the American population of the Territory, control of its civil affairs; attracted the attention and excited the interest of the citizens and public authorities of the United States to this then almost unknown land, and thus contributed materially to the determination of the boundary question.

It made Oregon of too great importance to permit diplomacy to trifle it away. It brought to the valley a large band of improved horses and cattle to take the place of the Indian pony and the long horned, light bodied and half wild Spanish cattle, which had been imported from California by the Willamette Cattle Company in 1837. It afforded the settlers means of making themselves at home in the country, and filled their hearts with hopes at being again surrounded by American citizens.

Other large emigrations of men from the western States bringing their wives and little ones, their flocks and herds, and all their household goods with them, followed in 1844, 1845, 1846, and the succeeding years, until by their labors, the wilds of Oregon were turned into cultivated fields, and her territory made the home of a numerous and happy people.

The overland emigration by team and wagon from the borders of the western States east of the Rocky mountains to Oregon has not yet ceased its flow. No inconsiderable number, coming in that manner arrived last summer and fall, [1877], in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory.

August 5th, 1846, the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846, settling the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains between Great Britain and the United States, was proclaimed. This treaty gave Oregon to the United States, much to the satisfaction of its Pioneer settlers.

On the 29th day of November, 1847, Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife, and nine other American citizens, connected with the Whitman mission at Wailatu, were murdered by the Cayuse Indians, among whom the Doctor had carried on a mission for some eight years. Doctor Whitman was a man much loved and respected, not only in Oregon but at the East for high Christian character and devoted to his missionary enterprise, and his massacre by the Indians filled the community with horror, and inspired in the public mind a determination that that his murderers should be punished.

The causes that led to this massacre are briefly these: The Doctor, who was an educated physician, had been in the habit of administering medicine to the sick applying at the mission. There was at this time an epidemic prevailing among the Indians and many had applied for and received treatment and medicine. Many of them died—some thirty or more, who had taken medicine from

the Doctor, and in their ignorance and superstition, the survivors attributed the mortality to the treatment they had received, and killed the medicine-man in revenge for the death of his patients.

Such has been the almost universal custom among Indians. The man who practices medicine among them, be he a white or an Indian doctor, takes his life in his hand; if the patient dies, he must pay the penalty of his own life or satisfy the friends of the deceased by presents.

A war between the citizens of the Territory and the Indians ensued, known as "The Cayuse War;" which, after some fighting, resulted primarily in driving the tribe out of the reach of their foes, and ultimately in the surrender of the active participators, and their trial and execution at Oregon City in the year 1850.

Time will not permit me to give a detailed account of this war; suffice it for the present to say that in their conduct of the war, the citizens and officers of the Provisional Government, exhibited in a high degree the fortitude, courage and energy naturally to be expected of those who had first planted and maintained American institutions on this coast.

On the 14th of August, 1848, the Act of Congress of the United States, organizing the Territory of Oregon, was approved by James K. Polk, the President of the United States. As this act recognized the lawful existence of the Provisional Government, and ratified its laws, acts and proceedings, (with some special exceptions), Oregon may be considered to have been an organized Territory from the 5th day of July, 1843;—that being the date of its ratification by the people, at a meeting of the citizens held at Champoege in the county of Marion. It continued in existence until the 4th of March, 1849, when it was superceded by the Territorial Government under the Act of Congress of the 14th August, 1848. On that day, Gen. Joseph Lane, the Governor appointed by President Polk arrived at Oregon City and assumed the discharge of the duties of that office. He superceded George Abernethy, who had been Governor under the Provisional Government since June, 1845, at which date he had been elected by the people. Gov. Abernethy had exhibited great prudence in the administration of his office, and retired with the respect of all who knew him. He passed the last years of his life in the city of Portland, where he died during the year 1877.

In the spring of 1849, Wm. P. Bryant appointed Chief Justice, and O. C. Pratt, Associate Justice, arrived in Oregon and entered upon the discharge of their duties. Peter G. Burnett, who had been appointed one of the Associate Justices, had removed to California and declined the office, and the speaker was on the 17th day of September, 1849, appointed his successor. At about the same time General E. Hamilton was appointed Secretary.

The office of Governor, in place of General Lane, was tendered Abraham

Lincoln, and he was asked by telegram whether he would accept. His answer was characteristic, "No Sir-ee." He little knew then the destiny to which he reserved himself. Then known to few by name even, now his life's history and melancholy death, at a time when his fame and future were or seemed to be at the zenith, are inseparably connected with the most eventful period of our country's history, and are known at home and abroad throughout the civilized world.

Major John P. Gaines, who had gained distinction in the Mexican war, was then appointed Governor and accepted the appointment. At that time the California gold excitement was at its height, and thousands of American citizens were rushing in every possible way in search of fortunes, to the new El Dorado. There were three ways of getting to Oregon: First, across the plains; second, by ship around Cape Horn; and third, by steamer to Aspinwall, then by land and river travel in all conceivable ways across the isthmus to Panama, then by vessel or steamer, (if the line on this coast was then established of which I am not sure,) to San Francisco.

The first route was tedious, and owing to the immense rush across the plains, the traveler was exposed to great privation and hardship. The second by sea around Cape Horn, was a long way round and took more time, but then it could be made comfortable, and household goods and supplies could be better conveyed to this distant shore than by either routes. The route by the isthmus was the shortest, but much suffering and sickness prevailed between Aspinwall and Panama.

The United States store ship Supply was, when we were appointed, fitted out at the Brooklyn navy yard for a voyage to San Francisco with stores for the Pacific squadron and our party was tendered a passage on her, but required to find our own supplies.

The Supply was a fine ship of 750 tons burden, famous as the one which conveyed the exploring party of Commodore Lynch to Palestine, where he had discovered (as reported), on the shores of the Dead sea, Lot's wife in a pillar of salt, into which she had been transformed for turning her face to catch a last lingering look of Sodom, as Lot's family were fleeing from that devoted city, and there she has remained forever.

We accepted the offer and on the 3d day of January, 1850, our party consisting of Gov. Gaines and family, Gen. Hamilton and family, and myself and family, set sail from New York city for Oregon. A sea voyage is necessarily monotonous, and I will not weary your patience or consume the time by describing the incidents of the trip. A long trip by sea upon a sailing vessel is unspeakably tedious, especially to persons who have no duties to perform on board the

ship. I am not sure but it is more trying to the temper and disposition than a trip "the plains across," though I cannot say that any one of our party lost their religion upon the voyage—an accident which it is said has not unfrequently happened to travelers on the plains, but according to my recollection our patience was often sorely tried.

At Rio Janeiro where we first stopped, we met the wife of Mr. Morehead, late U. S. Consul at Valparaiso on her way home, a passenger in the U. S. frigate *Saratoga*. We learned from the officers of the vessel, that Mr. Morehead had rented all the flouring mills in Chile and was sure of making a half million of dollars by the monopoly of flour in San Francisco market. When we arrived at Valparaiso we were informed that on account of large supplies shipped from the Eastern States, the speculation would prove ruinous. On our arrival at San Francisco, however, we learned that the party had cleared a million and a half dollars. This incident is mentioned to show the vicissitudes of trade in those days. How much truth there was in the statement, I never fully learned. The speculation I believe, turned out very remunerative.

As San Francisco was the end of the voyage of the *Supply*, we exchanged vessels there and came to Oregon on the sloop-of-war *Falamouth*, Commander Pettigru, arriving at Astoria on the 14th day of August, 1850. Our voyage consumed 7 months and 11 days—224 days in all. As we stopped 9 days at Rio Janeiro, 21 at St. Catherines, 10 at Valparaiso and 10 at San Francisco, in all 50 days, our sailing time was 174 days. Our ship was a fine sailer and might have made the voyage in much shorter time, but government vessels are not pressed on as are merchant ships; they take their time and exercise unusual prudence in making and shortening sail.

There was nothing of particular interest in the voyage to the public. Except for the great length of time consumed, it was more comfortable and pleasant than either of the other modes of moving a family to Oregon could have been. Our stoppage at St. Catherines, a port 300 miles south of Rio, was rendered necessary on account of the yellow fever, which we took aboard at Rio. Some of our party and a large part of the officers and crew, were taken down with it. At one time it seemed as if the ship would be entirely disabled before we could reach a port. It proved fatal, however, in only four cases. Our eldest son four-and-a-half years of age, was the first victim, and was buried at sea, in the Atlantic whose waves washed the distant shores of his native land. A young seaman, in whom we all took great interest, next died; and Governor Gaines lost two daughters, interesting and accomplished young ladies, who had been the life of our party.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when we entered the Columbia. The

air was delightful, the scenery grand; the shores were covered with a dense green foliage, the hills crowned with magnificent evergreens. On our voyage up the western coast of South America, we had seen little except brown and hazy sun-burnt mountains—nothing green was visible. Around the bay of San Francisco, everything at that season of the year looked dry and barren. The hills having recently been burned over, consuming the crop of wild oats with which they had been luxuriantly covered, presented a black and desolate appearance. The great contrast which the shores of the Columbia presented, was cheering to the heart. The first impressions of our new home were delightful.

When Astoria was pointed out as we rounded the point below, I confess to a feeling of disappointment. Astoria, the oldest and most famous town in Oregon. We had expected to find a larger place. We saw before us a straggling hamlet consisting of a dozen or so small houses, irregularly planted along the river bank, shut in by the dense forest. We became reconciled and indeed, somewhat elevated in our feelings when we visited the shore, and by it enterprising proprietors were shown the beauties of the place. There were avenues and streets, squares and public parks, wharves and warehouses, churches, schools and theaters, and an immense population—all upon the map. Those proprietors were men of large ideas, large hopes. They assured us that in no short time Astoria was to become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast. Some of those proprietors have passed away and gone where they are beyond the reach of hope or fear. Some remain, and though their eyes sparkle and brighten when they talk of the future grandeur of Astoria, they manifest a slight feeling of sadness and drop the subject with the remark: This may not be in our day, but it will surely come. You and I may not see it, but our children will.

Astoria at that time was a small place, or rather, two places—the upper and lower town between which there was great rivalry. They were about a mile apart, with no road connecting them except by water and along the beach. The upper town was known to the people of lower Astoria as “Adairville.” The lower town was designated by its rival as “old Fort George,” or “McClure’s Astoria.” A road between the two places would have weakened the differences of both, isolation being the protection of either. In the upper town was the custom house, in the lower two companies of the First U. S. Engineers under command of Major J. S. Hathaway. There were not, excepting the military and those attached to them and the custom house officials, to the best of my recollection, to exceed 25 men in both towns.

At the time of our arrival in the country, there was considerable commerce carried on, principally in sailing vessels between the Columbia river and San Francisco. The exports were chiefly lumber; the imports general merchandise.

The Pacific Mail steamer *Caroline* had made a trip in the month of May or June, 1850, bringing up furniture for the Grand Hotel at Pacific City, and as passengers Dr. Elijah White, Judge Alonzo Skinner, J. D. Holman, and others who were the founders and proprietors of the city. Some of the proprietors still live, but the city has been long since buried and the place where it stood has returned to the primeval forest from which it was taken. The Mail Company's steamers *Oregon* and *Panama* had each made one trip to the river that summer, but regular mail service by steamer from San Francisco, was not established until the arrival of the steamer *Columbia* in the winter or spring of 1850-51. The usual length of time of receiving letters from the States was from six weeks to two months. It took however three months to send and get an answer from an interior State, and postage on a single letter was 40 cents. After the arrival of the *Columbia*, they came with great regularity once a month, and a year or two afterwards semi-monthly.

In 1852 the railroad across the Isthmus was completed thus greatly improving that route. A route had been established across Nicaragua which for a time was quite popular, but was finally abandoned on account of internal disturbances in the country in part, and in part on account of competition and increased facilities upon the Isthmus route. The date when the Nicaragua route commenced to be used and was discontinued, I am not able at this time to give. The price of passage by the Isthmus route before their opposition, was from \$200 to \$250, which included only a limited amount of baggage. Freights were extraordinarily high, amounting to a prohibition upon all excepting merchandise.

In 1857, the Overland Stage Company was organized and commenced carrying the letter mail between St. Joe, Missouri, and Placerville, California, under a contract with the Postmaster General, under an act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1857. The Act authorized a semi-monthly, weekly, or semi-weekly service, at a cost per annum not exceeding \$300,000 for semi-monthly; \$450,000 for weekly, and \$600,000 for semi-weekly service; the mail to be carried in good four-horse coaches or spring wagons, suitable for passengers, through in 25 days. The original contract was for six years, but was extended and the line run until the railroad was completed in 1869. After the route was opened, 22 days was the schedule time. The stages run full both ways, fare \$250. The starting and arrival of the stages were great events at both ends of the line. A pony express from San Francisco to St. Joe was started in 1859, and run about a year and a half. It made the trip in ten days.

The first river steamboat in Oregon was the *Columbia*, built by Gen. Adair, Capt. Dan Frost and others, at Upper Astoria in 1850. She was a side wheel boat 90 feet in length, of about 75 tons burthen, capable of accommodating not

to exceed 20 passengers, though I have known of her carrying on one trip over 100. Though small, her cost exceeded \$25,000. Mechanics engaged in her construction were paid at the rate of \$16 per day, and other laborers \$5 to \$8 gold. She made her first trip in June, 1850, under the command of Capt. Frost, McDermott, engineer. It generally took about 24 hours to make the trip. She tied up nights and in foggy weather. Fare was \$25 each way. She was an independent little craft and not remarkably accommodating, utterly ignoring lower Astoria. All freight and passengers must come on board at the upper town. She ran for a year or two, when her machinery was taken out and put into the Fashion. Her hull afterwards floated out to sea.

The Lot Whitcomb, also a side wheeler was the next. She was built at Milwaukie, then one of the most lively and promising towns in Oregon, by Lot Whitcomb, Col. Jennings, S. S. White and others, and launched on Christmas day, 1850. That was a great day in Oregon; hundreds from all parts of the Territory, came to witness the launch. The festivities were kept up for three days and nights. There was music instrumental,—at least I heard several fiddles—and vocal, dancing and feasting. The whole city was full of good cheer; every house was open and all was free of charge—no one would receive pay. Sleeping accommodations were rather scarce, but there was plenty to keep one awake.

The Lot Whitcomb had a fine model, a powerful engine and was staunch and fast. Her keel was 12x14 inches, 160 feet long, a solid stick of Oregon fir. Her burden was 600 tons, had a 17 inch cylinder, 7 feet stroke and cost about \$80,000. She proved a safe and comfortable boat. Fare upon her was reduced to \$15 between Portland and Astoria. She ran upon Oregon waters until the latter part of 1853, when she was taken to San Francisco, and ran for some years on the Sacramento. Capt. John C. Ainsworth took command. This was his first steamboating in Oregon; Jacob Kamm was her engineer. Capt. Ainsworth was from Iowa, where he had been engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi between St. Louis and Galena, about five years. He was a young man about 28 years of age when he commenced in Oregon and had nothing to begin with but the ordinary capital of an Oregon pioneer—a sound head, brave heart, willing hands, energy and fidelity to trust. I have known him through his whole career in Oregon. The fortune and position he has acquired are not the result of accident or chance, but have been secured by industry, integrity, ability, hard labor and prudence. Such fortune and such position come to all who work as hard, as long and well as Captain Ainsworth.

Jacob Kamm the engineer, was the right man in the right place on such a boat, under such a Captain. He proved himself skillful and prudent; no acci-

dent ever occurred through his want of skill and care during the long period in which he ran engineer on Oregon steamboats. The fortune he has acquired has been built up by hard labor, increased and preserved by skill and prudence.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a New York corporation which had the mail contract between Panama and Oregon, brought out a large iron steamer called Willamette. She was built for the company at Wilmington, Delaware, and brought around Cape Horn under sail as a three masted schooner, arriving in the fall 1851. She was soon fitted up and commenced running under Capt. Durbrow, between Portland and Astoria in connection with the Company's sea steamer. She was an elegant boat in all her appointments; had fine accommodation for passengers, and great freight capacity. In fact, she was altogether too large for the trade, and in August, 1852, her owners took her to California, and run her on the Sacramento. One good thing she did, she put fare down to \$10. Fare on this route went down slowly; first \$26, then \$15, then \$10, then \$8, then \$5; it is now \$2. It is only within a few years that the passenger trade on the lower Columbia has been of any considerable value, or would support a single weekly steamboat. It has now become of more importance.

Time will only permit me to touch upon the important events which make eras in the commerce of Oregon.

Navigation upon the Willamette above the falls at Oregon City by steamboats was opened by the Hoosier, built at Oregon City below the falls, and taken up early in 1851. She ran between Canemah and Dayton on the Yamhill.

Early in 1851, Abernethy & Co's. barque, the Success from New York, arrived at Oregon City with a general cargo of merchandise and three steamboats two of them were small iron propellers and the third, the Multnomah was a side wheel boat built of wood. The Eagle was very little larger than an ordinary ships yawl-boat. She was owned and run between Portland and Oregon City, by Captains Wm. Wells and Richard Williams. When Wells was Captain, Williams was mate, fireman and all hands; when Capt. Dick took the wheel, Wells became the crew. She carried freight for \$15 per ton, passengers \$5 each. Pretty good pay for a 12 mile route. She made more money according to her size than any boat in Oregon. Out of her earnings the owners built the iron steamboat the Belle, and made themselves principal owners in the Senorita. Two for that day first class steam boats. The Washington was somewhat larger, owned by Alexander S. Murry who commanded her. He took the boat up above the falls in June, 1851 run her there until the fall or winter 1851-2, when he brought her down and run her between Portland and Oregon City until the spring of 1853, when she was again taken above the falls where she ran until July of the same year, when her owners there, Allan McKinlay & Co., brought

her below and sent her under steam around to the Umpqua river. She arrived there in safety, crossing the bars of both rivers, and ended her days there in the service of her owners. She was known after her sea voyage as the "Bully Washington." The only money ever made out of her, was made by her first owner, Capt. Murray. He was a sharp Scotchman, came from Australia here and returned there when he left Oregon. He is said to be the father of internal navigation in Australia. He made money, and when I last heard of him, was engaged in the navigation of Murray's river, which empties into the ocean at Adelaide.

The next and most famous of the steamers that were brought out on the Success, was the Multnomah. She came in sections, and was set up at Canemah by two or three army or naval officers of the United States, who had brought her out, Doctors Gray and Maxwell and Captain Bincle; was built of oak staves two inches in thickness and of the width and length of ordinary boat plank, bound with hoops made of bar iron, keyed up on the gunnels; was 100 feet in length, with good machinery and like her principal owner, Dr. Gray, fastidiously nice in all her appointments. She had no timbers except her deck beams and the frame upon which her engine and machinery rested, and was as staunch as oak and iron could make her. It was as difficult to knock her to pieces from the outside as it is for a boy to kick in a well hooped barrel. She commenced running above the falls shortly after the Washington, and run there—her highest point being Corvallis, then Marysville—until May, 1852, when she was brought below on ways in a cradle, and thereafter run on the lower Willamette and Columbia, part of the time making three trips a week to Oregon City and three trips to the Cascades. She brought down many of the emigrants of 1852. She fell into the hands of Abernethy & Co., and in the winter and spring of 1853, ran between Portland and Oregon City in connection with the Lot Whitcomb. On the failure of Abernethy & Co., she fell into the hands of their creditors and had different Captains every few trips for a year or two. She was then purchased by Captain Richard Hoyt, and run on the lower Columbia route until his death in the winter or spring of 1861-2. She finally came into the hands of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and after much more useful service laid her bones in the bone-yard below Portland.

About the same time, 1851, a small wooden boat, a propeller, called the Black Hawk, ran between Portland and Oregon City. She made money very rapidly for her owners.

The other boats built for or run above the falls of the Willamette were the Portland, built opposite Portland, in 1853, by A. S. Murrey, John Torrance and James Clinton. She was afterwards taken above the falls where she ran for

some time. On the 17th of March, 1857, she was carried over the falls in high water, leaving hardly a vestige of the boat, and drowning her Captain, Arthur Jaimison, and one deck hand.

There were seven brothers, Jaimeson, young Scotchmen, came to this coast, all energetic and reliable men, of whom six lost their lives by accidents on the water—two killed by a boiler explosion on Frazier river, two drowned in the waters of British Columbia, the other lost on the Portland, as I have just related.

There was the Canemah, side wheels, built in 1851 by A. F. Hedges, Charles Bennett, afterwards killed by the Indians in Col. Kelly's fight on the Touchet in 1856; Alanson Beers and Hamilton Campbell. She run between Canemah and Corvallis. The heaviest load she ever carried was thirty-five tons. Passage on her was \$5 to Salem. She made little or no money for her owners though she had a mail contract.

The Oregon, built and owned by Ben Simpson & Co., in 1852, was a side wheel boat of good size, but proved very poor property.

The Shoalwater, built by the owners of the Canemah in 1852-3 as a low-water boat, commanded by Capt. Lem White, the pioneer captain upon the upper Columbia, proved to be a failure. She changed her name several times, was the Fenix, Franklin and Minnie Holmes. Her bad luck followed her under every alias. In the spring of 1854, she collapsed a flue near Rock Island while stopping at a landing. None were killed, but several were more or less seriously injured and all badly scared. H. N. V. Holmes, a prominent resident of Polk county, was badly injured, but jumped overboard and swam across the river to the eastern shore before he knew that he was hurt.

Next was the Wallamette, also built by the owners of the Canemah, in 1853. She was a large and expensive boat of the Mississippi style. Run above the falls until July, 1854, when she was taken below, and in the fall of the same year was sold and taken to California. She proved a failure everywhere and came near breaking her owners. The current seemed to be against her whether she ran up or down stream.

In the summer of 1853, a company of California capitalists bought the land and built a basin and warehouse on the west side of the Willamette at the falls, near where the canal and locks now are. Their first boat was burned on the stocks Oct. 6, 1853. The second was the ill-fated Gazelle, a large and beautiful side wheel steamer. She made her first trip on the 18th of March, 1854. On the 5th of April, 1854, when lying at Canemah, her boiler exploded causing great loss of lives. Over twenty persons were killed outright, and as many wounded, three or four of whom died shortly afterwards. The Rev. J. P. Miller, a Presbyterian minister of Albany, in this State, the father of Mrs. Judge Wilson,

now a widow and Postmaster at The Dalles, (Postmistress is not known under the postoffice laws). Mrs. Kelley, wife of Col. Kelly, late U. S. Senator from this State, now resident of Portland, and Mrs. Grover, the wife of Gen. Cuvier Grover. Many other valuable citizens of Oregon were among the killed. The wreck was bought by Captains R. Hoyt, William Wells and A. S. Murry, taken down over the falls on the 11th day of August, 1855, and converted into the *Senorita* of which I have before spoken. The Warehouse Company afterward built the *Oregon*, which was sunk and prove a total loss. The property passed into other hands; the buildings were afterwards burned and all was swept away in the flood of December, 1861.

The first stern-wheeler upon the upper Willamette, was the *Enterprise*, built in the fall of 1855, by Archibald Jamison, (a brother of the one lost on the Portland when she went over the falls in March, 1854), Capt. A. S. Murry, Amory Holbrook, John Torrance, and others. She was 115 feet in length, 15 feet in width and had neat cabin appointments. She run on the upper river under Capt. Jamison—the first really successful boat on that part of the river—and after some years' service was sold to Capt. Tom Wright, son of Commodore, better known as Bully Wright of San Francisco, who took her to Frazier river on the breaking out of the mines there, where she finished her course; as I now recollect, she was blown up.

In 1856, Captains Cochrane, Gibson, Cassidy and others, built the *James Clinton*, afterwards called the *Surprise*. She was in her day the largest and best stern-wheeler upon the Willamette.

The *Success* built at a later period by Captain Baughman, belied her name and had a short and unprofitable career.

There were other steamboats during this time and afterwards upon that portion of the river which time forbids me to name. What I have already stated is sufficient to give a general idea of the growth of navigation up to the time when corporations commenced their operation. These boats that I have named, and others built and owned by private individuals, held the field until 1862-3 when the People's Transportation Company, a corporation under the general incorporation law of Oregon, entered upon its career. They built the canal, basin and warehouse on the east side of the river, and carried on a profitable trade between Portland and the various points up the river, finally selling out to Ben Holladay, who, with his railroad and river steamboats then held command of the trade of the entire Willamette valley.

An account of the internal commerce of Oregon, would be incomplete without a history of the origin and growth of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. I shall speak of it historically only, how it originated and what it has ac-

complished. Whether its influence has been good or bad, whether on the whole, it has been or is likely to be detrimental to the true interests of our people are questions that are not to be discussed here. Time will only permit me to give a brief sketch of the prominent points in its history. It is an Oregon institution, established by Oregon men who made their start in Oregon. Its beginnings were small, but it has grown to great importance under the control of the men who originated it.

In April, 1859, the owners of the steamboats *Carrie Ladd*, *Senorita*, and *Belle*, which had been plying between Portland and Cascades, represented by Captain J. C. Ainsworth, agent, the *Mountain Buck*, by Col. J. S. Ruckel, its agent, the Bradford horse railroad between the middle and upper Cascades, by its owners, Bradford & Co., who also had a small steamboat plying between the Cascades and The Dalles, entered into a mutual arrangement to form a transportation line between The Dalles and Portland, under the name and style of Union Transportation Company. There were some other boats running on that route, the *Independence* and *Wasco*, in the control of Alexander Ankney and George W. Vaughn; also the *Flint and Fashion* owned by Capt. J. O. Van Bergen. As soon as practicable, these interests were harmonized or purchased.

At this time, freights were not large between Portland and the upper Columbia, and the charges were high. There was no uniform rule; the practice was to charge according to the exigency of the case. Freights had been carried in sail boats from Portland to the Cascades at \$20 per ton. I have before me an advertisement in an early number of the *Weekly Oregonian*, that the schooner *Henry*, owned by F. A. Chenoweth, now a practicing lawyer at Corvallis, and Geo. L. Johnson, would carry at that rate.

On the 19th day of December, 1860,—there being then no law under which a corporation could be established in Oregon—the proprietors of the Union Transportation Line, procured from the Washington Territory Legislature, an act incorporating J. C. Ainsworth, G. F. Bradford, J. S. Ruckel, R. R. Thompson, and their associates under the name and style of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. R. R. Thompson and Lawrence Coe, who then first became interested with the other parties, had built a small steamboat called the *Col. Wright*, above The Dalles, which went into the line and made up their shares of the capital stock. This was the second boat they had built at that point. The first when partially completed, was carried over the falls and down the river in high water. There the hull was sold, fitted up and taken to Frazer river on the breaking out of the gold mine excitement on British Columbia, and much to the credit of its builders, made the highest point ever reached by a steamboat on that river.

The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, or O. S. N. Co., as it has been more generally called and known since organized under the act, J. C. Ainsworth was the first President, and with the exception of a single year, when J. S. Ruckel held the position, has been its President ever since. Its principal office was located at Vancouver, and its property formed no inconsiderable addition to the taxable property of Washington Territory. It might have remained there until this time, had it received fair treatment. But the citizens thought they had the goose that laid the golden egg, and they killed it. By unfriendly legislation and unjust taxation, the company was driven from the Territory, and in October, 1862, it incorporated under the general act of Oregon, where it has ever since existed an Oregon corporation, in fact, as it has always been in ownership and name. Its railroads, steamboats, warehouses, wharf-boats and wharves, have all been built and established by the company, without public aid except the patronage by the public after they were completed.

All its founders started poor. They have accomplished nothing that has not been equally within the power of others by the exercise of equal foresight, labor and perseverance. They had no exclusive rights. The rivers are wide enough for all the steamers which can be built, and the passes at the Cascades and the Dalles are broad enough for all the railroads that may be found desirable. They are still unoccupied and open to all.

The O. S. N. Co. have diminished the price of carrying freight and passengers wherever it has established lines of the great cost of transportation of the early times, fares have come down to \$5 between Portland and the Dalles; \$12 to Wallula; \$20 to Lewiston; \$2 to Astoria, and freights have been correspondingly reduced. Wheat and flour were last season brought down from Lewiston for \$8, and from Wallula for \$6 per ton, including handling over the boat lines and two railroads.

Of one thing the citizens of Oregon may well boast. Taking into consideration what has been done by private enterprise alone, there is no young State in the Union where so much in the way of internal improvements has been accomplished in so short a time.

The canal and locks in the Willamette at Oregon City, in the main constructed by private means, have worked wonders for the commerce on that river. There original cost was near half a million dollars. Soon we may hope to see a canal and locks at the Cascades, constructed by the United States, which will be of equal value to the commerce upon the Columbia river.

The pioneers of Oregon were brave and sturdy men. The more I study the history of their acts, the greater my admiration. The Provisional Government

they established is a monument to their wisdom. It shows that they had a just appreciation of the true principles of republican government. They carried on that government for thirteen years, under great difficulty, with great prudence and success—acting in all emergencies with such consummate prudence and foresight, that events have pointed out no better course which they could have pursued.

The Pioneers were young then; we are getting along in years now. Yet as we set around the camp fire and talk over the days of our youth, we feel young again. We tell the friend that we now see for the first time since we traveled in Oregon, that we feel as young as we ever did. We see, as the fire brightens, that he has grown old. His grey hairs, his wrinkled brow and feeble steps excite our sympathy. We attempt to rise to assist him; our stiffened limbs fail to respond to the will, and we find, alas! that age has also fallen upon us.

My friends, we shall soon pass away. Year by year these Re-Unions of the old Pioneers will grow smaller and smaller. I trust we shall continue to our latest breath to feel a deep interest in the welfare of each other and in the State where we have so long lived, and which we have contributed so much to create and build up. Let us not forget to act well our part to the end. Let us see to it, that we impress upon the minds of our children and those who are to come after us, those lessons of patriotism which were handed down to us by our fathers. Let us do all that we can to impress upon them, that free government consists in equal rights, regulated and controlled by wise and just laws, which punish and restrain the guilty, that the innocent may be protected. True liberty is only to be found in a government where the laws are just and faithfully administered.

Oregon owes by far the most of its prosperity and rapid progress to the early formation of the Provisional Government, the wise laws which were enacted, and the inflexible justice with which they were administered.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, A. M., D. C. L., L. L. D.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE; FORMERLY JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON; AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THAT GOVERNMENT; AND AUTHOR OF "OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1848."

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

This Annual Re-Union has devolved upon me the duty of presenting for your consideration in this "Occasional Address," the leading historical facts of the emigration of 1846.

And first permit me to express the obligation I feel for the compliment conveyed in the confidence implied, by my having been thus placed in a position which presupposes, at least, a willingness on my part to contribute something toward the facts and reliable history of the early settlement of Oregon, for such I understand to be the object of our organization.

You will next permit me to call your attention to the simply wonderful difference between our condition, when weary, wayworn, and exhausted in all our resources, save that spirit of self-reliance which "*Alis volat propriis*," so aptly expresses, we first entered the Willamette valley, when contrasted with the circumstances which now surround us, as on this interesting gala day, we come up to the capitol from all parts of the State with hearts glowing with gratitude to to Almighty God, while cheerfulness beaming from every countenance expresses our social affections and our appreciation of the blessings of that Providence, which led us all the way through a dreadful wilderness, to this goodly land, where the soil has never been known to withhold a large reward to the skillful hand of consenting toil.

To open a communication between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean, became the a prime object with prominent statesmen. This induced Mr. Jefferson to send Lewis and Clark in 1804, to explore the line of the Mis-

souri and Columbia rivers, as a means of communication with India and the nations occupying the eastern coast of Asia. It was believed that two circumstances would facilitate the introduction of East India goods upon the route of the Columbia and Missouri rivers. First, the goods to be introduced were of little weight, small bulk and great value; secondly, the river to be ascended was short, the one to be descended was long, and it was believed that the American trade to China and to India, might result in pouring a flood of commerce upon our western coast which would flow eastward by the channels I have named. It was known that this commerce had enriched the world, and that through thousands of years; all the great nations of the earth have enjoyed the riches of the East, and have sought in turn to control the commerce of these countries which enabled Solomon to adorn the temple of Jerusalem with jewels and gold; which built up Tyre and Sidon; which found its way to Egypt, and at and at last to Rome, to France, Portugal, Spain, Holland, England; and finally to this great republic. It was seen that this vast and almost incomprehensibly rich commerce had never ceased from the highest point of Jewish splendor to supply the civilized world with all that man can desire for his ease, comfort or enjoyment.

Moreover it was believed that upon the people of Eastern Asia, the establishment of a civilized power upon the opposite coast of America, could not fail to produce great and wonderful benefits. Science, liberal principles in government, and true religion, might cast their lights across the intervening ocean. The valley of the Columbia might become the granary of China and Japan, and an outlet to their imprisoned and exuberant population. The oldest and newest nations on the globe, the most despotic and freest government, would become the neighbors, and peradventure the friends of each other, standing together upon a sense of common interests and mutual respect and confidence.

At length the subject began to be very fully discussed in Congress, and the establishment of military posts at the mouth of the Columbia, insisted upon as a means of settlement looking to the East India and China trade, the control of which had in all the world's history given supremacy and naval strength to the nation possessing it.

The attention of the great mass of the people was thus attracted, and when the dispute between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain, as to the title to the country, came up, it was seen by American statesmen, that actual settlement was necessary to give strength to our claim if regard was had to the laws of nations. The American heart became fired, and public men encouraged emigrants to go and build houses and make farms in the country of which Mr. Barbour of Virginia, said in Congress, Feb. 26, 1825: "Oregon

can never be one of the United States. * * * * Would to heaven there was a perpetual decree, that should forever secure to the aboriginies of that soil, the quiet possession of the country they now enjoy." But then it was not so decreed. And whatsoever is not "decreed" does not "come to pass" according to my theology. It certainly did "come to pass" that the emigrants began to come to Oregon, and very soon thereafter rendered it very clear to the dullest apprehension that there was not "a perpetual decree, that should forever secure to the aboriginees of that soil, the quiet possession of the country they do not now enjoy."

The public feeling soon manifested itself in the fact that considerable numbers commenced to emigrate to Oregon.

The town of Independence, Missouri, was the place of rendezvous where they were accustomed to come together for the purpose of completing their purchases as the necessary outfit for the contemplated journey, and for making other final preparations.

Most of the emigrants had as early as the 18th of April, 1846, already departed. Some were assembled at Indian Creek; a few were still at Independence, not yet quite prepared to leave.

In the countenances of the emigrants thus assembled at this place, there was a peeuiliar blending of sunshine and shadow, such as I had never before seen. And yet, it was not difficult to perceive that their hopes and fears had alternately been greatly excited during several preceding weeks, while preparing for their long and arduous journey, and in bringing themselves to submit to the severance of those endearing ties that bound them to the place and to the people of their former homes. They seemed to have even a painful sense of the fact that they, too, were about to enter upon scenes in which they were to endure great mental and physical suffering, and that to nerve them for the trials before them, it was necessary to lay under contribution all the resources which God and nature had made available, to prepare the mind and heart and body to successfully encounter the difficulties and dangers of the long, exhausting and dusty road, which stretched away, away, away in weary miles of multiplied hundreds, over scorching deserts of sand and sage brush toward the ever receding west.

The town Independence was at this time a Babel on the border of "that great and dreadful wilderness," which extended thence to the Pacific ocean. There was seen the slave of African descent having a shining black face, driving his master's six horse team of red bays, and swinging from side to side as he sat upon the saddle horse and listened with pride and ever increasing pleasure to

the incessant tinkling of the bells. In one street, just driving out of town, was an emigrant, who, having completed all his preparations, was moving forward to an advance place of rendezvous in the great prairie wilderness. He whistled as though his mouth had been made for nothing else, and he seemed to be as happy as a robin in June sitting upon the topmost bough of a tree, from which with the melody of song, he cheers his silent and incubating mate.

Here, too was seen the indolent dark skinned Spaniard, smoking a cigar as he leaned against the sunny side of a house. He wore a sharp conical felt hat with a red band around it; a blue roundabout, with little brass buttons, duck pantaloons open at the side as high as the knee, exhibiting his white cotton drawers between his knee and the top of his low half boots, completed his apparel and made him feel as happy as—but on second thought, I think I had better not say what.

Santa Fe wagons were coming in, having attached to them eight and ten, and even twelve mules, some of them being driven by persons of Spanish descent, some by Americans resembling Indians, some by negroes, and others by persons of all possible crosses between these various races; each showing in his dress, as well as in his face, some distinctive characteristic of his blood and race, the dirty poncho always marking those of Spanish or Mexican descent. Traders had been out to Santa Fe, and having exchanged their goods for gold dust, dollars and mules, were then daily coming in from the plains; the dilapidated and muddy condition of their wagons and wagon sheets, and the sore backs of their mules, all giving evidence of the length and toil of the journey they had performed and were now about to terminate.

Merchants were doing all in their power to effect the sale of supplies to emigrants, some of whom were hurrying to and fro, looking care-worn, and many of them sad, as though the cloud of sorrow had not yet quite passed away, that had come over their spirit, and as they painfully and with regret tore themselves from friends and scenes around which had clustered the memories of the heart. One was seen just starting out, and calling to his oxen, cracking his whip in a manner evincive of a high sense of pleasure and of the individuality of one who regarded himself as being capable of subduing a continent of forest; and although he probably knew nothing of Latin, he was certainly the very personification of the spirit of self reliance, which "*Alis volat propriis*," so aptly expresses. Although some four or five children in the wagon were crying in all possible and even impossible keys, he drove on utterly oblivious to the music, and looking as undisturbed as though he was quite accustomed to that sort of din, and without looking as cheerful and happy as if he was perfectly sure that he was going to a country where the valleys flowed with milk and honey and the hill sides

abounded with deer and elk. Behind the wagon, with her nose almost over the end board, an old mare slowly and patiently stepped along, evincing as much care, as though she knew that she was carrying "mother and the baby," (may God bless them), and therefore must not stumble on any account.

Having on the 12th of May, completed all the arrangements that were deemed necessary, previous to leaving the settlements, a large company bade farewell to the sublimely muddy Missouri, with a feeling which might well have taken form and expression in the language of Scotia's favorite bard:

"Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble."

During the day, many immense wagons were passed carrying from 60 to 70 cwt. of goods for the Santa Fe market. Many wagons were also met returning empty to Independence; the proprietors having sold their merchandise were on their way in to the settlements with gold dust, Mexican dollars and mules. The drivers of the teams and loose mules presented that peculiar appearance I have already remarked upon; of mongrels, puppies, whelps and hounds, and curs of low degree.

The weather was clear, warm and dry; the bees were out in search of flowers, and the large gray flies were blowing their mellow little horns. The daisies, first born daughters of spring, were lifting their little faces to be kissed by their father the sun. The birds were rapidly passing from one twig to another, twittering as though their hearts were brim full of happiness. At one time they were seen darting into one thicket, and then into another to find a suitable place for rearing their little families. Some were building their nests; others poured their love songs into the ears of their mates; and one might almost have fancied that the eye could be seen to sparkle and the heart to heave as with stooping wing, the too happy bird received a promise that she would indeed be his. Nature here, and all in nature, appeared to be too happy to leave behind. The emigrants also appeared to know now no sadness or pangs, occasioned by the recent sundering of old ties; and they were now as happy as the birds, and with them drank in the general joy.

A little before noon of the 13th, the emigrants passed the last fixed abode of a white man—the last cabin—and immediately afterward they entered the territory of the Shawnees. During the day, wagons were continued to be met returning from Santa Fe. Thirty Indians were also met. In the afternoon, the company came up with ex-Gov. Boggs and other emigrants.

On the 15th, a company of 63 wagons were overtaken under Col. Russel, who were considered as being still in some sense at the place of rendezvous, having moved forward a little, but having halted again for persons they expected to

join them. We were immediately invited to attach ourselves to their party, and to remain with them until those of us who intended to go to Oregon, should find ourselves in sufficient numbers by new accessions, to form a company of our own sufficiently strong to repel an attack of Indians.

We all crossed the Wokaruska creek, and encamped for the night in a most beautiful piece of woods, which skirted both sides of the stream. The impression made upon the mind by the neighing of horses, the braying of the mules, the groups of men, the little knots of women, the loud merry laugh of some of the children, the crying of others, the mingling of voices, the sound of footsteps of persons passing to and fro, the ascending smoke in front of the clean white tents scattered among the trees and shrubbery, was very agreeably novel.

In the evening, an inquiry was instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the sufficiency of the wagons, teams and provisions; the number and sort of arms; the amount of powder and lead; the number of persons capable of bearing arms, and the number and sex of all other persons:

Wagons,	72
Men capable of bearing arms,	130
Women,	65
Children,	125
Breadstuff, pounds,	69,420
Bacon, pounds,	40,200
Powder, pounds,	1,100
Lead, pounds,	1,672
Guns, mostly rifles,	155
Pistols,	104
Cattle and horses,	710

The wagons were generally new, strong and well painted. They were all covered with either linen or cotton drilling; some of them being either painted or thoroughly saturated with boiled linseed oil, so as more effectually to exclude the rain. Some of the wagons had "California," painted on the cover; some of them displayed "Oregon" in letters so large, that "even he who ran might read;" some added in yet larger letters, "The whole or none," others same "54° 40', or fight;" while many were not distinguished at all. The work cattle were fat and strong; the tents new and clean; and the food was of a good quality and abundant. Many of the emigrants were almost boisterous in their mirth. Nearly all were strangers to each other, and there was a manifest effort on the part of each, to make the most favorable impression he could upon every other. All were obliging and kind, and there was even an extraordinary absence of selfishness. Suffering, want and privation; mental anxiety, hardship and exhausting

labor; and a continued sense of a present but concealed danger, demanding an unceasing watchfulness, which, at length, terribly wears upon the nervous system, had not yet blunted the moral perceptions of any, or excited their cupidity and selfishness, nor dried up the fountains of the heart's best and purest affections.

Everything seemed calculated to put all persons in a good humor with each other. The green coated frogs were heard in great numbers among the plashy ponds and along the reedy margin of the stream; and the sound was far from being disagreeable. Indeed, there was a music in it appropriate to the place, the scene and the circumstance; and it had a soothing and quieting affect upon the excited, nervous system. The birds poured forth their most joyous notes. The water was gushing through a thousand veins of the earth, although it had until very recently, been congealed by the frost of winter. The sap was coursing its way through the plants, and the vital fluid moved through human veins with increased velocity and a new thrill of delight. A narrow strip of the richest and most beautiful forest trees, about half a mile in width, skirted each side of the Wokarusha, from which spread out as far as the eye could reach, a plain, broken into gentle swells, and covered with a heavy coat of grass, while a green carpet spotted with flowers covered the hills and the little intervening valleys; and a robe of as deep a green, variegated with beautiful blossoms, hung upon the thickets. Flies and insects emerged from their hiding places and were humming drowsily. The shrill chirping of birds, the plaintive cooing of the turtle dove, as he sat alone among the shady boughs, all told that the beautiful spring had returned to gladden every heart. The children were wandering in the woods, making them echo with their merry shouts. They appeared to have been let loose to play and to gather leaf buds, dandelions, butter-cups, daisies, and a thousand flowers of every hue, that lift their soft, mild eyes to heaven in thankfulness for the sun's warmth and light.

It was indeed with emotions of the purest delight, that from this emigrant camp on the Wokarusha, I looked upon jubilant nature, dressed in her most beautiful holiday attire; and I could not but think that these grateful and inspiring influences would find a ready response in every heart.

Up to this point, we seemed not to have fairly and fully set out upon our journey. This was not exactly the place of rendezvous, but rather the end of rendezvous—the last place of waiting for emigrants to come up. Our arrangements were therefore made for a final departure. The tents were all accordingly hastily taken up, and the cooking utensils packed. The men hurried to and fro, collecting their oxen and yoking them to the wagons. The sound of the ox-rings working in the steples, the jinkling of the chains, and the confused voices, sometimes raised into a key denoting a little impatience, made up a

scene which was both novel and agreeable. The women put on their bonnets, and the children were hastily lifted into the wagons. In a short time, the teams began to move on, and soon there was a long line and slowly moving white covered wagons, drawn by large fat oxen, driven by men who walked by the side of their teams and ever and anon, cracked their whips and then their jokes in most blissful ignorance of the dangers and hardships which awaited them.

All were filled with high hopes and expectations for the future, and all were animated and sprightly. The most of the emigrants were even polite in their manners and deportment, and they were certainly obliging in their conduct and intercourse with each other. Many who had large families of children (for these seemed to be as numerous here as the birds among the bushes), were removing to Oregon with the hope of finding a more salubrious climate than the one they had left, and of obtaining from the government of the United States a grant of land which would enable them to maintain their families in an honorable independence. Some had become involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and having sold their property to pay their creditors, could not consent to remain where they must necessarily see their former pleasant homes in other hands, and they had resolved upon making an effort to retrieve their fallen fortunes in Oregon, where they flattered themselves that if they accomplish no more, they would at least avoid a position in which the wealth and showy equipages of others, would upbraid them for their poverty. Others had during a long time, their yearly acquisitions taken from them by eager creditors who had thus crippled their resources, depressed their energies, and deprived them of all hope of either paying their debts or of being able to educate their children. They hoped that by emigrating to Oregon they would during a few years at least escape the harrassing observation of their creditors, and be thus enabled to accumulate the means of meeting all of their engagements. Many were in pursuit of health. Some were actuated by mere love of change; many more by a spirit of enterprise and adventure; and a few, I believe, knew not exactly why they were thus upon the road. With these reasons, were more or less mixed up as a very important element,—a desire to occupy the country as a basis of title in the dispute between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain.

The motives which thus brought this multitude together, were in fact, almost as various as their features. They agreed in one general object—that of bettering their condition, but the particular means by which each proposed to attain this end, were as various as can well be imagined.

Nor were the people less different in their general appearance, manners, education, and principles. There were representatives from nearly all of the States from Maine in the east, to Missouri in the west; and from the great lakes in the

north to the greater gulf in the south. The majority, however, were plain, honest, substantial, intelligent, enterprising and of good principles. They were indeed, very much superior to those who usually settled a new country; and they were for the most part persons, the loss of whom was felt and regretted by those they left behind.

During the day, a man belonging to one of the advance companies, overtook us, bringing with him a *Missouri Republican*, containing an account of the defeat and capture of Capt. Thornton and his command by the Mexicans.

On the 17th the emigrants crossed the Kansas by a very tedious and laborious process, and camped on a small tributary of that stream, having traveled only eight miles during the day. Mr. Webb, editor of the *Independence Expositor*, and a Mr. Hay, arrived in camp a little after dark, having come direct from the settlements, to communicate to us last reliable intelligence received before arriving at the Pacific. From letters and papers thus received, information was obtained of the commencement of regular hostilities, and that the gallant Taylor was in perilous condition.

At 10 o'clock in the night of the 18th, Mrs. Hall, now of Buena Vista, became the happy mother of twin boys.

A number of changes having taken place in the company, a new census was taken on the 19th, which resulted in showing that there were:

Fighting men,	98
Women,	50
Wagons,	46
Cattle,	350

On the 21st. we witnessed a peculiar and very violent storm. The early part of the day had been clear and warm, but about 12 o'clock the clouds began to mass themselves in the west. In a short time, peals of thunder were heard in the distance, the intervals gradually diminishing and the sound as gradually becoming louder. The clouds continued to roll up toward the zenith with green edges, but very dark and murky in the main body, and to sweep upward like a vast body of smoke ascending from a partially smouldering volcano. In a brief period, the sun was obscured. A green haziness began to fill the atmosphere and the whole space between the moving clouds and the earth, and to throw a sort of dull green disastrous twilight upon all below. The lightning followed quickly by sharp peals of thunder was observed at length to leap from cloud to cloud. A murmuring sound of a somewhat extraordinary nature was heard in the west, which became each moment more distinct. In a few minutes a blinding flash of lightning followed quickly by an almost deafening crash of

thunder, seemed to give the sign for a general and most terrible elemental strife. The wind instantly laid the weeds and grass prostrate to the earth, and the air became at the same time filled with leaves and twigs swept before the violence of the tempest. The winds passed on and heaven's artillery seemed at once to open from every cloud, and immediately the earth was deluged with rain as I had never seen it before. Flash followed flash in rapid succession, casting a lurid glare upon every object; and thunder seemed to war upon thunder in a manner that subdued every faculty of the mind and hushed every emotion but that of the sublime. The clouds rolled forward their dark green masses, and at length passed far away to the east—the thunder becoming less and less distinct, until they were heard in only low rumbling sounding sounds, although the lightning at intervals, was seen running along the clouds. The declining sun at length appeared, and hung out a most beautiful rainbrow as a token that the elemental strife was no more, and that nature was again at peace. The landscape resumed its wonted appearance of tranquility, in no respect changed, except that it looked more fresh and beautiful. Green hills stretched away in the distance, some of them being covered with forests of primeval vastness and magnificence, while others were clothed in velvet of green made more fresh by the recent rain. The little groves of timber scattered over the plain, were not wholly unlike clusters of islands that dot a waveless sea. The green hills of the Kansas, too, lifted up their heads in vernal freshness; and the view more beautiful for being seen far away stealthily flowed along at their base in its smooth and unresisted course, irrigating and fertilizing the grassy and luxuriant meadows below. There appeared indeed, to be over and about the whole scenery, as it then presented itself to my view, most wonderful show in every external object whilst every element between the verdant earth below and the blue sky above, ministered delight to some one of the senses. Columns of mist began to ascend from the earth, like the incense of the grateful heart going up to heaven for God's providential care and goodness. The sun then sank to rest, and night with her curtain adorned with gems shut out the day, and the weary emigrant, and his not less weary work cattle, sought a much needed repose.

Mr. Alphonso Boone, a grandson of the celebrated Daniel Boone, and a brother-in-law of Ex-Governor Boggs, came up with the company.

On the morning of the 22d May, thirteen wagons, near half of which belonged to Mr. Gordon from Jackson county, Missouri, separated from our party, assigning as a reason for so doing, that the company was too large to move with the necessary celerity. A restlessness of disposition, and often dissatisfaction, produced by trifling causes, as also a wish to rule rather than to be ruled; to lead, rather than to be led; began even in this, the early part of our journey, to be

the causes of those divisions and sub-divisions of companies, which at length became so frequent and often reduced us to such a degree of weakness as to invite attack from the savages.

When we came to a careful analysis of the causes of the divisions of which I have spoken, and thus trace them to their primary elements, we will find selfishness to have been the impelling force. And whoever rightly considers the subject will, I believe, come to regard selfishness as the source of all the moral evils with which humanity afflicts itself. As little doubt can be entertained, that the present peace and future happiness of man is increased in proportion to the extent to which he becomes unselfish, by means of the power of the Christian religion, chastening and subduing this natural propensity. The unselfish man considered only as an inhabitant of this world, and not as a probationer for another, greatly adds, by means of his noble, generous, self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit, to the sum of his own enjoyments. Reason having moderated his wishes, and expectation doubled every present good, his heart is neither gangrened with envy nor corroded by care. The elements all minister to his happiness; and those blessings which are usually regarded as coming round in the regular operation of the laws of nature, are to him new and valued acquisitions, for which his heart devoutly glows with gratitude, love and thankfulness to the Supreme Giver of every perfect gift. The blessings of Providence and the blessings of grace are regarded by him as descending from the same source, and he would as soon think of drawing to himself, the sum of the one as that of the other.

On the evening of the 30th, Ex-Gov. Boggs, Mr. J. F. Reed, Mr. Geo. Donner, and some others, including myself, convened in a large tent, according to an appointment made at a general meeting of the emigrants, for the purpose of preparing a system of laws to govern the company. We prepared a few laws, without however, believing that they would possess much authority. But among these, I remember that we made provision for the appointment of a court of arbitrators, to hear and decide disputes, and to try offenders against the peace and good order of the company.

At this time, we were encamped on the left bank of the Great Blue Earth river where we arrived at 2 o'clock, P. M., only a few hours before the meeting of "Legislative Committee." We found the stream greatly swollen by the rain of the previous afternoon, so that we were likely to be detained several days by high water and drift wood.

On the night of the 26th, we had another of those tremendous storms of rain, thunder and lightning, such as I had never witnessed before commencing this journey, and have not since, except along the Platte river. But to sketch an accurate picture of the storm is as impossible as to paint the rainbow, or to

throw upon canvass the inimicable hues of a magnificent and gorgeous sunset. But the morning of the 27th, dawned clear, cloudless and peaceful, and the returning light showed no traces of the previous nights' tempest, except that nature seemed to have put on a robe more fresh and green, and to have assumed an aspect more smiling and lovely than before, as she turned aside the curtains of darkness, and showed her pleasant face, covered with new charms and glowing with radiant beauties.

The gladdening rays of the sun soon dissipated the little vapor that in a few places slowly and dreamily floated along the surface of the ground, as the bright orb of day fully appeared above the line of hills and the tops of the trees. A genial warmth filled the atmosphere, and the vernal breeze burdened and almost oppressed with the scent of flowers, slightly stirred the boughs and foliage where sat a mocking bird and his mate. He appeared to imitate every other bird of the wood with a brilliancy of execution the most surprising, since it not only equalled but even excelled the notes of many rivals, carolling their own several proper notes. Rich and mellow songs were poured forth from the little throat of the happy bird, with a wonderful and unequalled compass and modulation that seemed to express and ever increasing sense of pleasurable existence, and I could almost have persuaded myself that I saw his heart swelling with bird-spring-time delight, and his eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he sang with all his might:

"Briguel banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

A meeting was held about 9 o'clock in the evening of the 27th, to hear and decide upon the report of the Legislative Committee of which I have spoken. A man named E., made use of violent language against the leader Col. Russell, and the sub-Captain, Mr. Jacobs, a modest and aimiable young man. E. had been disappointed in not being elected to the office held by Mr. Jacobs. He finally moved the appointment of a committee to try the officers, when charged with neglect of duty, or improper treatment of any party. There was nothing improper in the measure itself, but the *animus* was so apparent that upon the motion prevailing, the officers all resigned. A few moment's reflection served to bring clearly into view the very grave consequences of permitting E. to control the company in any degree. The consequence was, that the resolution was rescinded by a large majority, and the former officers were re-elected by acclamation.

Mr. Grayson and others having gone out in the morning to search for bee trees, came back with several buckets full of honey. The game hunters and fishermen returned less successful.

On the 29th of May, Mrs. Keyes, the mother of Mrs. J. F. Reed, died. John

Denton, an Englishman, from Sheffield, busied himself in preparing a decent head stone, with a suitable inscription to mark the last resting place of the aged Christian woman. A humble grave was dug under the spreading boughs of a venerable oak, and there her remains were followed by a silent, thoughtful and solemn company of emigrants, thus so forcibly reminded that they too were travellers to a land "from whose bourne there is no return." Rev. J. A. Cornwell, improved the occasion to deliver to us an impressive sermon as we sat around that new made grave in the wilderness, so well calculated to impress upon the mind the incalculable importance of seeking another and better country, where there is no sickness and no death.

I had often witnessed the approach of death; sometimes, marking his progress by the insidious work of consumption; and, at others, assailing his victim in a less doubtful manner. I had seen the guileless infant, with the light of love and innocence upon its face, gradually fade away, like a beautiful cloud upon the sky melting into the dues of heaven, until it disappeared in the blue ethereal. I had beheld the strong man, who had made this world all his trust, struggling violently with death, and had heard him exclaim in agony, "*I will not die.*" And yet death relinquished not his tenacious grasp upon his victim. The sound of the hammer and the plane have ceased for a brief space; the ploughman has paused in the furrow, and even the school boy with his books and satchel has stood still, and the very atmosphere has seemed to assume a sort of melancholy tinge, as the tones of the tolling bell have come slowly, solemnly, and at measured intervals upon the moveless air, and hushing the mind to breathless thoughts that fain would know the whither of the departed. But death in the wilderness—in the solitude of nature, and far from the fixed abodes of busy men, seemed to have in it solemnity that very far surpassed all this.

On the 31st we completed the crossing of the Great Blue Earth river by means of two large canoes made for the purpose, and so lashed together that the wagons were one after another, let down into them after the removal of the team, and then pulled over by means of ropes. A chilling wind commenced very soon after crossing, and many of the men who had been constrained to be in the water much of the day, came up shivering violently into our place of encampment one mile from the stream. The perpetual vexations and continued hard labor of the day, had kept the nerves of most of the men in a state of great irritability. Two drivers fought with fists at first, but with knives at last. They were however, separated without serious injury to either.

On the 2d day of June, 20 wagons including mine, separated from the main body, proceeded on in advance.

On the 6th, we saw some of our former travelling companions, among whom were West, Russell, and Kirquendall.

On the 7th, we saw the Pawnee face for the first time. As the sun was about to set behind the hills, twenty-three warriors, mounted on horseback, and armed with bows and arrows, appeared upon the top of a distant eminence, between us and the declining sun. After reconnoitering our position during a few minutes, headed by their Chief, they came sweeping down the long and gentle slope at a double quick charge. There was something in their appearance not exactly warlike, but as having rather the insolent bearing of confident robbers, whose eyes brightened with the sight of the spoil they already regarded as wrested from the hands of weak and defenseless emigrants. We immediately went out to meet them with our rifles. The wary Chief of these roving robbers, comprehending in a very brief space of time, that we were likely to give them a reception very different from the one they had looked for, changed his whole demeanor and aspect, from that of a cruel and plundering savage to the bland and pleasant aspect of a friend, who comes to courteously solicit a favor. He made signs for our "big man," and upon our pointing to Rice Dunbar as "Captain" or "Chief," they were immediately in each other's arms, locked in a most fraternal embrace, and apparently as happy as two pups rollicking in door-yard grass. A half-breed, wearing a new hat and a clean check shirt, at length came forward, and in imperfect English, informed us that they were a buffalo hunting party, and that they had been unsuccessful. They appeared much better than either the Kansas or the Shawnee Indians; but they were very troublesome, insolent and pertinacious in their alternate, absolute demands for food, and begging solicitations for it.

Much has been said upon the subject of the character of the Indians of North America, which I believe to be far from a correct representation of their real character. And in nothing touching them, are there such erroneous views very generally entertained, as those which relate to their heroism. The Indian will indeed, smoke his pipe, sing his song, boast of his victories, or taunt and insult his tormentors, while burning in a slow fire; and he will perhaps, seek to provoke his foes, by telling them that they are novices, and inexperienced in the work of death; and that he has often tormented their warriors with far more ingenuity. When the war-club is raised above the head of a tortured captive, to inflict a fatal blow, his firm and unflinching look evinces the same spirit which would enable him to smoke the pipe, if devouring flames were seizing upon his vitals. This, however, is not that Spartan courage for which they have received so much unmerited praise from a class of writers who are much inclined to soar away on the wings of their imagination into the higher realms of fancy, leaving far below them the sober world of fact and reality. Even the suggestion of the thought that three hundred such savages, could under any possible combination of circumstances, be induced to make a stand against myriads at another Ther-

mopylæ, is simply ludicrous. Theirs is a harsh and stoical insensibility, unworthy of being ranked among the virtues of civilization, and to confound this brutal insensibility, with patriotic courage and true heroism, would be to obliterate the lines of distinction between virtue and vice, and to confound right and wrong, the noble and ignoble, in chaotic confusion. No man in his senses, ever thought of dignifying with the name of heroism the conduct of the Spartan boy, who, having stolen the fox, and concealed it under his clothing, permitted it to eat into his bowels, rather than to betray the theft. And yet, the conduct of the Indian at the stake, and that of the boy with the fox, are actions resulting from the same sort of training, every part and every step of which tends to inspire shame and contempt for the slightest exhibition of a sense of pain and suffering, under such circumstances. The Spartans' training proceeded farther and enabled him to go to the straits of Thermopylæ, and to place his body as a bulwark between his country and the enemies that were about to overwhelm it. An Indian would have considered this an egregious piece of folly. He would have fought without doubt, had he been associated with the millions, and would have scalped and mangled the dead, or tortured the wounded and captive, had there been any such. But, to say that for the sake of his country, a North American Indian would have embarked his destiny with the three hundred Spartans, is what no writer will assert, who prefers fact to fiction; and what no one certainly will believe, who is not very credulous. The fact is, that Indians are generally cowards; and they will seldom fight without a decided advantage in numbers, weapons and position. In short, the virtues usually attributed to them, are pigments of the brain, having not even a remote resemblance to the facts which constitute the real Indian character. Indeed virtue is a plant which does not grow in the coldness and darkness of barbarism, but in the genial warmth and benignant light of civilization and christianity.

On the 13th, we came up with thirty wagons and a great number of cattle, from that portion of Missouri known as "The Platte country." They were a part of a company consisting of sixty wagons that had been ahead of us, the proprietors of which, not being able to agree, had finally consented to disagree, and to separate in peace. We found among them Mr. J. Baker, and David Butterfield with their families who had been requested by the emigrants to leave their company at Wokaruska. The reason assigned for this inhospitable and selfish proceeding was that these persons having about 140 head of cattle, in addition to six ox teams, each consisting of from six to eight steers, would necessarily be a burthen to the company. Probably the true cause, was in the fact that Messrs. Baker and Butterfield would not kill their calves and sell the veal. On this day, four wagons left us in consequence of something to which they seriously objected. Two of these were Mr. Crump's, one of a Mr. Clark's and one

of a German, who had a name which your speaker can neither spell nor pronounce. My German fellow traveller attached himself to the company of Messrs. Baker and Butterfield. The other two proceeded forward and joined a company of seven wagons that had separated from a much larger company in the rear.

Messrs. Van Bebber and Lard not having returned from their bison hunt of the 12th, it was feared that they had fallen into the hands of savages with which the country was infested.

Three companies encamped near each other, June 14th, which was Sabbath, and as if by previous arrangement, determined to spend the day in resting.

All of one of these companies had without much ceremony, been invited to attend a wedding at the tent of Mr. Lard in the evening. Rev. J. A. Cornwell acted as the officiating minister, who proceeded at once to unite Miss Lard and a Mr. Mootry in the bonds of wedlock. The bride was arrayed very decently but somewhat gaily. The groom had on his best. Some of the young women present were dressed with tolerable degree of taste, and with even some degree of elegance. Among the men there were no long beards, dirty hands, begrimed faces, soiled linen or torn garments. Indeed, at that time and place, there were four others who expected to be married in a few days. I cannot say I approved of this marrying on the road. It looked to me very much as though the women at least was making a sort of a hop, skip and jump, into matrimony, without knowing what her feet will come down upon, or whether they may not be wounded or bruised.

During the afternoon, a boy's leg was amputated by one not a surgeon, the instruments employed being a butcher knife and an old dull hand saw. He bore his sufferings with the most wonderful fortitude and heroism. He seemed scarcely to move a muscle. A deathlike paleness, would sometimes cover his face, but instead of groaning, he would use some word of encouragement to the almost shrinking operator, or some expression of comfort to his afflicted friends. The limb was at length severed, the arteries were secured, and the flap brought down in one hour and forty-five minutes from the time of making the first incision. An emigrant who had been frequently compelled to retire from the afflicting spectacle, but who at the time the operation was completed, held the boy's hands in his, observing that he seemed much exhausted, tenderly inquired if he suffered much pain. The boy withdrew his hands, clasped them together and partially raising them, exclaimed, "O! yes I am suffering! I am suffering so much!" His hand fell upon the breast, his white lips quivered a few moments; his eye balls rolled back, and his spirit went to God. He was buried in the night; and the silent and sad procession strangely contrasted with the wedding festivities at a neighboring tent, by the light of torches to the lonely grave

so hastily dug in the solitude and almost unbroken silence of that far away wilderness.

Strange as it may seem, that same evening another interesting event transpired, the birth of a child on the same plain; so that the three great epochs of life a marriage, a birth, and a death, were there all represented at nearly the same time and place.

On the 16th a company of men were met on mules from Oregon City, which place they had left March 1st, for Independence, Missouri. Some of them had suffered in their faces from the effect of frost, in crossing the mountains. One of them brought an evil report of the country, saying that in Oregon, it rained so much and so continuously that a goose could not get to grass. Most of them however, gave a favorable report of the country. They stated likewise, that they had met 750 wagons, the greater number of which were going to Oregon, but that some were going to California. The company encamped at the first ford of the South fork of the Nebraska, where was found one company consisting of 29 wagons, and another of eight, which by being there before us acquired the right of first passing over. During the day vast herds of bison were seen. These animals constitute the poetry of these vast prairies, and the Indians their romance—or it may be the tragedy.

On the evening of the 18th, Rev. J. A. Cornwall performed the marriage ceremony, by which Miss Dunbar became the wife of Morgan Savage, and Miss Mary Hall became the wife of Henry Croysnt.

On the 19th, the wagon beds had blocks placed under them so as to raise them about ten inches, for the purpose of getting them above the water of the South Fork of the Nebraska, which was here a mile and half wide and having a quicksand bottom, which made the fording very dangerous. All were finally gotten over without any material accident.

On the 19th, we traveled over the most desolate country we had seen. The hot sands were blown about in a manner the most distressing to the mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears. Towards the close of the afternoon, nature wore a more pleasing aspect. The day had been clear and hot, and although the winds were high, yet they seemed to have become greatly heated by passing over a sandy region of great extent. At sunset they died away, and not even a zephyr ruffled the surface of the North branch of the Nebraska. Before nightfall, a bank of dark clouds were seen to be heaped up in the west. In about two hours they gradually rose, the front leading the way towards the east, until the heaviest and darkest masses appeared to be overhead; when the most tremendous winds burst in a moment, and with a roaring sound upon the stillness, followed almost immediately by flashes of lightning, that for a brief time, blasted the sight; crashes

of thunder that deafened the ears, and torrents of rain that deluged the hills with a flood descending in foaming torrents, that threatened to submerge all the plain. During the space of half an hour the clouds hurled their thunderbolts along the sky, and so thickly through the atmosphere overhead, that it presented a glare of lured light, which gave a fierce and appalling aspect to the descending waters. The thunder bursts became at length more distant and less violent, until they passed far away to the east in low and almost inaudible mutterings. At length the stars appeared in all their accustomed brilliancy, and the scene, from being one of awful and terrible sublimity, became indescribably beautiful.

On the following night we encountered another storm. The day had been clear and warm: but toward evening clouds presented themselves in a variety of forms. Sometimes they appeared in detached masses, at others, they rolled up from behind the western horizon, black and portentous. At length, clouds having thin, feathery edges, thickening fast as they extended back, and presenting a black mass of an angry appearance, formed suddenly, and extended rapidly, and then passed off to the south-east, where only a few low thunder mutterings gave any tokens of elemental disturbance.

These clouds were soon succeeded by other clouds in the same quarter of the heavens from which the first came, more threatening, ponderous and black; having immense thunder heads, and huge ærial forms, piled upon and writhing around each other. But these, too, passed off to the south-east, with menacing rumbling sounds; while the forked lightning gleamed in the main body of the threatening mass. The shades of evening at length closed in, and there seemed to be a probability that we would have a pleasant night. About 11 o'clock, however, a cloud appeared in the north-west, which hung upon the horizon for some time, black, heavy and ominous. It finally began to move, grew larger rapidly, increased in velocity, as it hung out heavy folds, and thus continuing to ascend, it soon reached the zenith, where cloud warred upon cloud; the live thunder leaping from one side of the heavens to the other, with rapidity and crashing that seemed to rend heaven and earth, while fountains of living fire descended and ran like shining serpents along the ground.

On the 24th, we witnessed a natural phenomena known as the *mirage* by which travellers across extensive deserts, who long for water "as the heart panteth for the thirsty water-brook," have so often been cheated into a delusive hope, by being caused to imagine they perceived before them, lakes reflecting from their clear and smooth surfaces, trees, plants, rocks and hills. What we saw, was in short a phenomena depending upon the same general principles as those which produced the "Specter of the Brocken," which for so many years was the terror of the superstitious and the wonder of the scientific.

During the day we passed Chimney Rock, which is one of the many curious and interesting objects which the action of the wind and rain operating during thousands of years upon the soft marly foundation of the country, has wrought into curious objects, which seen in the distance, are remarkable imitations of magnificent works of art, partially in ruins. One of these called the Court House, was in full view during the afternoon of the 22d. It had the appearance of a vast edifice, with its roof fallen in; the great door ways partially obstructed, some of the window spaces filled with rubbish, and many of the arches broken and fallen, while others seemed to remain as perfect and massive as if they had really been built thousands of years ago by a people, who had gone down in the vortex of revolutions, or been swept away by the resistless current of mighty events, leaving not a page of their history nor a trace of their existence, save these remains of architectural grandeur and magnificence, now lifting up their forms amid surrounding desolation, befitting monuments of man's passing glory and of the vanity of his hopes.

Far off to the left of the plains between Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff, were many views of remarkable and picturesque beauty, owing their origin to the action of the winds and rains upon the same peculiar formation. The bluffs presented the appearance of a vast ancient city. In one locality there could be no difficulty in recognizing a royal bath. In the immediate vicinity, there was a vast amphitheater, having on one side what appeared to be an immense niche, with a platform before it supported by pillars. Here it might well have been imagined that a monarch had sat, surrounded by obsequious and servile courtiers, while the life blood of men even better than himself, was being shed to make him a holiday especially distinguished by a spectacle of rich and rare interest. Not far away was seen a splendid mausoleum, a fitting receptacle of the ashes of a royal ancestry extending back into a pre-historic period. Towering above all, was the temple of Belus, with its stairs ascending around a gradually diminishing surface. Here was the Old Palace—there the new one. In front of one of them stood the towers on either side of the entrance to the tunnel under the river connecting the two. Near at hand were the celebrated hanging gardens considerable portions of them remaining in such a state as to indicate that such they had really been, and showing in many places hardy shrubs, that having sent down their long roots into the partial openings supporting arches, still smiled in beautiful and refreshing green, amid general desolation. Numerous streets having on either side what were once magnificent buildings and lofty domes, sublime in their dimensions and proportions, and graceful in the outline and detail of their architecture, extended far away, so that their remote ends were lost in the distance. A fortification, large enough to contain the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia, showed enormous bastions, frowning in massive

strength, while the workmanship of its parapets, covered ways, glacis and towers presented a very remarkable fulness of detail. Away the west, stood a long line of the city wall with its yet remaining battlements and loopholes for out-look and other military purposes. Midway was the vast arch beneath which flowed the river through the midst of the city, until turned by Cyrus the Great into a new channel, where it still flows at the further side of the plain, spread out in broad shallow and turbid streams that sluggishly creep among the sand-bars of what was the Euphrates once, but which is the Nebraska now.

Upon approaching still nearer, the mind was filled with strange images and impressions. The silence of death reigned over a once populous city, which had been a nursery of the arts and sciences, and the seat of a great inland commerce. It was a Tadmor of the Desert, in ruins. No signs of life were visible, a whole people were extinct. The imagination wandered back. The city had fallen into the hands of a beleaguering and sanguinary foe. No quarter had been given. All had fallen without distinction of age, sex or condition, victims to a spirit of revenge and retaliation, and to the worst passions of the human heart, intensified by a thirst for gold and a sense of the utter helplessness to which the conquered had been reduced after a long and obstinate resistance. The evening succeeding this day of undistinguishing slaughter, was one which the ascending fires had made terribly sublime. The flames had spread, and in a few brief but dreadful hours, wrapped temple and dome, the palaces of the royal, the mansions and pavilions of the rich, and the cottages and hovels of the poor, in one vast sheet of consuming fire, that licked up the very dust of her thousand streets and blackened many of the yet stony walls which the rains of thousands of years had not yet whitened. Many vast multitudes of the inhabitants in attempting to escape from the doomed city, had been slain by the relentless foe, who had heaped up the bodies of the dead in promiscuous masses about the gates; and under these very walls which had withstood the power of time through a long and unknown series of ages. In one day, the anxious crowds of citizens, and the thousands of contending soldiers, were swept away by a slaughtering foe, who had left none to bewail the dead, or to gather from beneath the ruins the bones of those who had perished.

My imagination being thus excited by the remarkable and picturesque views, in shapes which the action of the winds and rains had wrought in the soft marly formation of the country, I permitted it to wander at will, and to fill the mind with images and scenes such as I have described.

On the 27th, we met at a point ten miles east of Fort Laramie, a company of packers, consisting of persons of both sexes, some of whom were from Oregon, and some from California, returning to the States, and taking back with them an evil report of the Pacific coast.

We arrived at Fort Laramie the afternoon of June 28th, where we had intended to remain encamped until the 30th. But some Sioux Indian chiefs advised us through Mr. Bodeau who had charge of the fort, to proceed immediately on our way, and to join ourselves to larger parties of emigrants in advance, their people being in great force among the hills some miles distant, preparing to send out a large war party to fight the Crows, and their allies, the Snakes, through whose country we had to pass. That several hundred lodges would be gathered on the following morning; and as they were not pleased with the whites, they might greatly annoy us by at least begging and stealing, if not open robbery.

On the next morning, being again admonished to hasten forward, so as to unite with others for defence, we broke camp at an early hour.

On the 30th, a great confusion prevailed in camp, in consequence of some of Californians whom we had overtaken in the morning and some of our party desiring to remain in camp while others wished to proceed. Finally, the Californians all determined to go forward. Messrs. Crump, Luce, and Van Bebber, who had left us on the 28th, continuing with them.

On the 2d of July, Rev. Mr. Cornwall left our company and joined himself to the Californians.

On the morning of the 4th, having the last guard, I fired my rifle and revolving pistol, at the dawn of day, as a salute in honor of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The Californians remained in camp. We resumed our journey at an early hour on the morning of the 4th.

On the 5th, we passed two companies of Oregon emigrants, the one being led by Mr. Crabtree, and the other by Jimmy Campbell, a better man than whom never came to Oregon.

The 7th was the warmest day we had experienced, and sand and dust filled the lungs, mouth, nose, ears and hair. We continued to travel over a barren and desolate country until 10 o'clock at night, when we camped at a place of beautiful springs, although there was no fuel, and grass was scant. Here we found four companies as tired as we were. It was a very hard day for our cattle. One of Rice Dunbar's sank down at sunset and was left.

Many circumstances transpired from time to time, which were very painfully calculated to impress the mind of even only a tolerably careful observer, that we were beyond the pale of statute law, and that in the wilderness, too many were inclined to act upon the license which it was regarded as giving. The first very marked practical effect of this spirit manifested on the 8th, when G. came with D. to the wagon of one whom we will call Belzebub for short and for convenience as well, when G. coolly informed Beelzebub, that it was his intention

to take from him two ox-yokes and their chains. He might have added and two yoke of oxen, for the effect of the intended robbery, would have been to deprive the last named personage of that number of oxen and left him and his wife a helpless prey to the savages. One yoke and chain were taken ere Beelzebub could believe his sense.

It was now seen that the spirit that had long been observed, must be met and promptly subdued, if the intended victim of this proposed lawlessness had not brought his mind to accept for himself and Mrs. Beelzebub a very romantic death in the wilderness, and thus became the hero and heroine of a lachrymose story. Beelzebub thought he wouldn't, and with some emphasis, he said she shouldn't. So when G. returned and took up the second yoke and loaded himself with it and the chain, Beelzebub took up a musket, which although not loaded, had a bayonet upon it, and immediately came down upon G. in a solid body with fixed bayonet, charging with undaunted spirit, deploying, extending his flanks, and executing with great skill and precision, a number of most masterly military manœuvres, always keeping in view Napoleon's grand idea of charging on the center to insure a victory. The enemy soon commenced retreating, panic stricken and in great precipitation, disorder and confusion, throwing aside as he fled the yoke and chain. But G. was not to be thus let off, for Beelzebub going back to his wagon, got a revolver and returning to G. compelled him to carry back both yokes and their chains. This having been done with great docility, Beelzebub presented the cocked pistol within three feet of G's mouth, then said a good many things in a very eloquent and impressive manner but not classical after the Greek style.

I will now say, probably once for all, that a journey such as we were making tries the temper and disposition, no less than it does the bodily frame and the strength of moral principle. And in this same connection I wish to observe that when G. came to Oregon, he married respectably, raised a family, and after living the life a law abiding man, made his last remove to a land from which he will never return. Peace to his ashes.

D. also raised a respectable and useful family; became, as I have reason to believe, an earnest Christian man and died a good man's death, and is now I am sure where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.

On the 18th, we crossed through the South Pass of the Rocky mountains, where we found that the face of nature had changed; that the grass had entirely passed away, leaving nothing but everlasting grey rocks that lifted up their heads in naked sterility, or were imperfectly covered with *artemisia tridentata*. Everything seemed to have undergone a change. There was a gloomy vastness in the distant prospect, and an awful solitude in the immediately surrounding scene;

a sense of which, when associated with the conviction that we were about to drink of the waters that flowed into the great Pacific, made the day one of great sadness as we journeyed through the pass, realizing as all seemed to do, that the temperature, the atmosphere, the face of the heavens, the appearance of the earth had changed and with these the whole future of each human being then upon the road. •

We passed during the afternoon, several work oxen who having become wholly unequal to the toils and hardships of the journey had sunk down in the team, been hastily relieved from the yoke and left by the way-side to die. The future possibilities of the journey which the pitiable sight of these faithful worn out servants suggested were by no means pleasant to contemplate. On that night we encamped at the Pacific Springs.

On Sabbath, the 19th of July, we traveled over a desolate, undulating, and sandy country, the air being filled with the scent of *artemissa tridentata*, and loaded with clouds of drifting sand and flying dust, making the day one of such toil and discomfort, that when near its close, we encamped on Little Sandy, we felt that the small stream of clear, cold water had a blessing in each drop of it.

Here we found a large number of Oregon and California emigrants, among whom I may mention Messrs. West, Crabtree, Campbell, Boggs, Dunbar, and George and Jacob Donner. I had at one time or another become acquainted with all of these persons in these companies, and had traveled with them from the Wakarusa, and until the subsequent divisions and subdivisions had separated us, after which we had often passed and repassed each other, and frequently encamped together by the same water and grass. In fact, the particular history of the Oregon emigration of 1846, is the general history of the California emigration of the same year. The two histories stand so nearly related, that they seem to illustrate each other and to be parts of one history. This fact is mentioned now, because I may furnish a paper to this Association having "The History of the Donner Party," for its subject. I shall, therefore, dismiss that subject here, with the remark that the greater number of the Californians, and especially the companies in which George Donner, Jacob Donner, James F. Reed and Wm. H. Eddy, and their families traveled, here turned to the left, for the purpose of going by the way of Fort Bridger, to meet Lansford W. Hastings, who had informed them by letter, that he had found a much nearer and better route than the old one leading by the way of Fort Hall and the headwaters of Humboldt river.

The Californians were generally much elated with the prospect of a nearer and much better road, to the country of their destination. Mrs. George Donner was, however, an exception, being gloomy, sad and dissipated, because of

the fact that her husband and others could think for a moment, of leaving the old road and confide in the statements of a man of whom they knew next to nothing, and of whose motives they knew still less.

On the 21st, we remained in camp for the purpose of recruiting our cattle, previous to entering upon a forty mile dry drive, known as Greenwood's cut-off.

On the 22d, having filled all our kegs with water, we set off very early in the morning. At 3 o'clock, P. M., on the second day, we arrived at Green river, and after having crossed, encamped on its banks some distance below, where we found several other companies, where Gov. Boggs, Wm. Boggs, Mr. Turner Crump and myself, united ourselves to a company led by Wm. Kirquendall. We encamped on the evening of Saturday, July 25, about three miles below our encampment, where we first came to Green river, on a beautiful tributary of that stream. Our traveling companions, Messrs. Boone, Norris, Van Bebber and Luce remained behind.

One of the sorest evils of the road the emigrants encountered during about one month preceding this time, was the flying dust and drifting sand. Eastern Oregon up to this point, exceeded in dreariness and sterility anything we had seen.

About noon on the 28th, we came up to where a small company of emigrants were about to bury the dead wife of Jimmy Campbell, she having died that morning at sunrise. Our company halted, and as many as could leave the teams, joined in the solemn procession, sympathizing travellers, though covered with the dust of a toilsome way, mingled their tears with those of the bereaved husband. Her body was committed to the keeping of that lone grave, more than a thousand miles from the abode of civilized persons; and I fancied, as I saw the stricken survivor turn away from the lowly resting place of that dear, dead wife, to resume the toil of his yet long, arduous and perilous journey, that he seemed bowed down and almost broken hearted. Every lineament of his countenance seemed to express how deeply sensible he was, that the living eye which had often brightened at his approach, even in her last painful and protracted illness, would beam on him no more; that he would never again on earth hear the sweet music of her voice; never more would she inquire into his cares and toils; or whisper an encouraging word or affectionate approval of his efforts, and a desire to share his toils with him. His hand ever ready to anticipate and minister to her wants, would never again press with tender care that poor aching head, which would no more feel exhaustion, pain and disease. Her calm and peaceful spirit was gone, and there remained nothing to him to fill the painful void as to assuage the deep sorrow of his almost bursting heart, but the pleasant remembrance of her gentle purity, sweet humility, winning man-

ners, generous and devoted affection, and her more than womanly wisdom; her pleasant expression of face, which was want to diffuse sunshine and smiles all about her, and the heavenly radiance of her lovely and beautiful character, were to beam on him no more.

Slowly and in silence, we resumed our journey, as we turned away from that far off grave, much sadder than when we came, and, as I hope, better for the reflections suggested by the scene.

After travelling twelve miles on the next day, we encamped at 4 o'clock, upon Bear river, in a lovely and interesting valley, where our cattle were turned loose to feed upon the dry grass, our white tents pitched, and the smoke began to ascend lazily from our camp-fires, around which our wives were busy in preparing the evening meal, the whole presented a pleasant picture of great pastoral beauty. The atmosphere was smoky in consequence of the Indians having fired the grass in the valleys and upon the hills. The day was pleasant and there was much in it that was well calculated to remind one of that delightful season known as the Indian summer. It was indeed, no more than the 29th of July, but the grass was dry and crisp, the atmosphere smoky, and even where there was no smoke apparent, it had a peculiarly yellowish hue. The sun seemed to shine with a light more than half subdued and softened, and every object presented the appearance of the early advance of autumn. The heat of summer had passed away in fading green. Lights and sounds, the most beautiful and attractive had come, with the agreeable coolness which in the evening succeeded the pleasant warmth of the day. The winds as they stole among the boughs of a neighboring grove of quaking asps, that stood clothed in partially faded and changing green, scarcely disturbed by their low rustling, the silence of the delicious shades below. The waters of Bear river, moved sluggishly along, reflecting in a very striking manner, the rays of the declining sun. The mountain trout were ever and anon springing out of the clear water, at insects in the air, or were seizing those that floated on the smooth surface. The sun at length sunk behind the mountains, amid a rich and gorgeous blending of light and shadow, and colors, such as no painter's skill could imitate, and none but the Great Artist can repeat. Soon a peculiarly soft and transparent twilight settled over the scene. The stars came out and twinkled upon the canopy of heaven, in a manner that suggested the idea that they were the abodes of the sinless and blessed, for here majestic nature though in solitary grandeur, might well swell the heart with grateful emotions of religious enthusiasm.

The shades of night having spread over hill and valley in one direction and the boundless landscape in another, so as to render indistinct such objects as were a little remote, yet not so as wholly to conceal the general scene, the pa-

rarie was lighted up into a supernatural brilliancy by the distant glare of spreading fires, where all was silent but the crackling of the flames, and beyond which all was black as the darkness of death. The blazes extended across the valley, and having soon reached the long line of high hills upon the opposite side of Bear river, crept along the top, their dark and heavy outlines gleaming brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness filled the large ascending volumes of convolved and curling smoke, that now rolled on eddying winds and towered to the clouds. The fire spread and widened and ran along down on the opposite side of the high hills, and then back, until it appeared shooting up its flames into the air, first in one place, and then in another along the outline of the hills that stood up boldly against the horizon, until there rolled along their whole length covered with tall grass and *artimisia tridentata* a sea of angry billows of smoke and flame, and crackling fire, and burning spray.

On the 4th of August, the cattle of the emigrants having wandered very much it became difficult to collect them again, and as a consequence the company was late in breaking up camp. Gov. Boggs remained behind to assist Mr. T. Crump to hunt his cattle; but the two came up with the main body near dark.

On the 7th, we arrived at Fort Hall where we purchased a few articles of supply, flour at the rate of \$40 per barrel, and coarse brown sugar at 50 cents per pound. About 1 o'clock, we resumed our journey, and after traveling eight miles, encamped on an open grassy plain.

On the morning of the 20th of June, 1846, Capt Jesse Applegate had organized a company on the banks of the La Creole, at a place near where Dallas now stands, for the purpose of exploring a new route by which the emigrants to Oregon might reach the settlements. This company consisted of Jesse Applegate, Lindsay Applegate, Levi Scott, John Scott, Henry Bogus, Benjamin Burch, John Owens, John Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Goodhue, Moses Harris, David Goff, Bennet Osborn, William Sportsman, and William Parker. Each man having a packhorse in addition to the horse he rode.

June 21st, the company moved up the Willamette valley and proceeding by the way of the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys, Black Rock, Rabbitt Hole Spring and Humboldt river and valley, had at length met us in our encampment on August 8th, west of Fort Hall. Here Captain Applegate sought to turn us from the old way over which we knew that emigrants had passed in safety, and that they had arrived in good season, although we knew that the old traveled route was not free from great hardship and some danger. Such representations were made to us as were deemed likely to turn us on the new route. Some of the emigrants hesitated, because they professed to suspect that Mr. Applegate was influenced by some motive purely selfish. Others, (and many

of them,) expressed the opinion that there could not in the nature of things be any sinister motive operating on his mind to mislead, and that it was more reasonable to believe that his object was to take the companies over a route nearer, and one better supplied with water, grass and fuel, than the old one was known to be. And Gov. Boggs was one whose judgment was greatly relied upon; and he having expressed himself as unhesitatingly, and to the fullest extent confiding in Capt. Applegate's statements, the most of our party yielded their objections and determined to take the new route, respecting which six things were affirmed: 1st. That the distance by the way of The Dalles to the settlements, was from 800 to 850 miles. 2nd. That the distance over the new route was at least 200 miles nearer. 3d. That the party that had with him explored the new way, estimated it at even 300 miles nearer. 4th. That the whole distance was better supplied with water and grass, than the old road. 5th. That it was not more than 190 or 200 miles from our camp of the 8th, to the point at which his cut-off left the Humboldt river. 6th. That the road was generally smooth, and, with the exception of a dry drive of thirty miles, well supplied with an abundance of good water, grass, and fuel. To what extent subsequent developments verified the correctness of these representations of the character of the proposed new route, we shall hereafter see.

On Sabbath morning, August 9th, we resumed our journey, the most of our party being much elated with the prospect of good roads, abundant grass, healthful water, necessary fuel, and a saving of at least 200 miles of travel.

On the 10th, we traveled very rapidly all day over very bad roads and near night encamped.

August 11th was another day of weary travel over a country so barren that nothing but sand crickets and lizards could live in it.

Late in the afternoon of the 12th, we found good water and grass, and encamped.

Mr. Rupert died on the morning of the 13th, in a company led by Mr. Dickinson. He had lingered long with the consumption, and his parents residing at Independence, had concurred with him in the opinion that a residence on this coast, might restore him to health. His brother, a physician, had accompanied him some distance into the great prairie wilderness for the purpose of observing whether he would probably endure the fatigues and hardships incident to the journey. At the time the two brothers separated, the deceased seemed to be unusually well and cheerful. But this favorable change was but temporary. The emigrants had done all they could to alleviate his sufferings and to beguile the tedium of the slowly and heavily passing hours of his illness. But at length death came; and the body of the dead being decently prepared for the grave,

with measured tread and solemn aspect the emigrants bore their dead to burial, committing it to its final resting place, while a solemn stillness pervaded the camp.

William Kirquendall and Charles Putnam left our company on the morning of this day, to go forward with others led by Capt. Applegate, to mark and open the new road.

On the 15th, Messrs. Neally, Burns, Perkins, and the younger Kirquendall, left in the morning joining themselves to another company. We passed over a portion of road so rocky and rough that it seemed to be almost impossible to get wagons over them. The toils and difficulties of the journey appeared to increase in number and magnitude as we advanced.

On the 16th, we encamped on Goose creek, where we had an abundance of water and grass, and plenty of dry willows for fuel.

On the 17th, traveled through a canyon, where the wagons were in great danger of being overturned, camped on Goose creek.

On the 18th, passed through another very dangerous and difficult canyon. Encamped at the head of Goose creek.

On the 19th, traveled 17 miles over a moderately good road—or rather not a very bad road, and encamped 30 miles from Humboldt river, having good grass and excellent water, but no fuel.

On the 20th, encamped on a fertile valley.

At noon of the 21st, passed the grave of Mr. Burns, who died at 3 o'clock, A. M., and was buried at 10. He left a widow and three children. Leaving the grave of our departed fellow traveler, we resumed our journey, and at 2 o'clock encamped in the Hot Spring valley at a place where we had good grass and bad water. We believed that our encampment of the 21st, was within a few miles of the head of the Humboldt river.

The Indians along the whole length of this river, were usually very troublesome, stealing cattle, and concealing themselves behind the rocks and bushes, from which they assailed the emigrants and their stock with their poisoned arrows. One of them was shot in the emigrant camp at one of the halts, by Mr. Lovelin, with his rifle; and with a shot gun, by Jesse Boone, a great grandson of the celebrated Indian fighter, Daniel Boone, of Kentucky. It was at all times necessary to guard the cattle while feeding. One of the forward companies had rather a serious battle with these robbers of the desert. Many of the Indians were slain among the willows, where they first lay in ambush. Some were slain in a natural fortress to which they had fled, upon being driven out of the willows. Some of the whites were severely wounded, and among them a

Mr. Sallie and Whitley the latter the same one who was killed at Dallas about three years ago. Mr. Sallie died from the effect of the wound, which though slight in itself, yet being inflicted with a poisoned arrow, continued to inflame, and infuse the fatal virus through the body, until death ensued.

The emigrants continued their journey down the Humboldt until they became very thoroughly convinced that they had traveled very much more than 190 or 200 miles, at which distance from the first camp west of Fort Hall, they had been informed by Capt. Applegate, that they would arrive at the point where his cut-off leaves Humboldt river. The emigrants at first feared that they had passed it unobserved; and it was seriously debated, whether they should not halt and send back to hunt for the place, at which it was supposed that they had passed the road. They continued on, however, from day to day, until all were of opinion that they had passed it long before and that they were very much nearer to San Francisco, than they were to Oregon City, then the central point of arrival and departure in Oregon. At length, the emigrants were surprised to meet David Goff at the forks of the road. He at once proposed to pilot them over Capt. Applegate's cut-off.

The distance of this point from Fort Hall, as it is directly on the traveled way, from that place to the bay of San Francisco, is important. There are a number of facts which will conduct the mind approximately to it.

Capt. Applegate met the emigrants at their encampment of August 8th, eight miles west of Fort Hall. On the following morning, the emigrants resumed their journey, and continued traveling until the evening of the 21st, when they believed were near the head-waters of Humboldt river. Allowing no more than 12 miles for each day they must have traveled up to that time, 156 miles. Ex-Governor Boggs, (who took this cut-off—so called—for the purpose of coming to Oregon,) in a letter dated "Sonoma, Upper California, April 20, 1847," speaking of the time when the company met David Goff at the forks of the road, where emigrants were led by the way of the Rabbit Hole Spring and Black Rock, says: "I do not recollect the day of the month we separated at the forks of the road, but to the best of my recollection, it was after the middle of September, or about the middle." This would give at least 25 days from the encampment of the 21st of the preceding month when the emigrants supposed that they were near the head of Humboldt river. From this camp then, to the place where Capt. Applegate's cut-off leaves the river, is 300 miles, allowing 12 miles for each day's travel. This added to the 156 miles the emigrants had traveled up to the camp of the 21st August, would give 456 miles as the distance back to the camp of the 8th August. That this distance is not too great, is shown by another extract from the letter of Ex-Gov. Boggs who therein says: From the forks

of the Oregon Road to Johnson's house on Bear river is about 270 or 280 miles." It will be thus seen that the emigrants had up to this time, been traveling away from Oregon, instead of toward it. That they had been travelling south instead of west, and that at the time they met Goff, they were within 270 miles of the settlements of California.

Ex-Gov. Boggs perceiving that the emigrants had been misinformed as to the distance, thought it unadvisable to rely any longer on Capt. Applegate's estimate of distances. He says: "From the best of my judgment, we must have travelled 400 miles on Ogden's (now Humboldt) river. I know that I was so much disheartened with the length of the road on Ogden's river before we reached the forks, that I lost all confidence in Applegate's judgment of distances; and concluded, if he had made as great an error of judgment in the residue of the route, that we should not be able to reach the settlements before winter set in, and that we should in all probability perish. These considerations determined me to take the route to California."

From Fort Hall to Oregon City, by way of The Dalles, is 800 miles. The immigrants had been informed that the Applegate cut-off was 200 miles nearer. But at the time Goff was met the emigrants had yet 830 miles between them and Oregon City, and only 270 or 280 between them and the settlements in California.

The place at which Capt. Applegate's road leaves Humboldt river, is I believe now known as St. Mary's. He had informed the emigrants that they would have but one dry drive; and that it was one of thirty miles, commencing at this place and terminating at Black Rock. But the experience of the company since the time of their breaking up camp on the 8th of August, had destroyed all their confidence in the soundness of Capt. Applegate's judgment as to distances and in the accuracy and reliability of his memory as to the topography and character of the country to be passed over. It might therefore be expected that after filling their kegs with water, they entered this desert, with heavy and desponding hearts, having no longer any assurance as to the real character of the road or of the distance between one watering place and another. The company continued to travel very rapidly all day over a desert that appeared to be boundless, having nothing growing upon it but a few scattering bushes of *artemesia tridentata* at long intervals. The earth appeared to be as destitute of moisture, as it would be if a drop of rain or dew had never fallen upon it from the heavens of brass above. The company encamped for the night upon the east side of Antelope mountain at a little spring to which has since been given the name of Antelope Spring. One of the company had gone forward in the morning, and finding far up the mountain a small vein of water, that moistened the ground a

few yards around, he removed a considerable quantity of earth, so as to make a little reservoir. Into this, water very slowly collected until enough was obtained for tea; and from it, a few of the cattle received perhaps half a pint each. He divided among the poor fellows of his team a keg of water he had brought from Humboldt river. There being no grass, and no water but this, for the poor, toil worn, and now almost famishing cattle, they were carefully guarded through the night, and while the weary emigrants rested in their tents, one of the number took his now empty keg up the side of the mountain to the spring, where, by remaining until 2 o'clock in the morning, he succeeded in obtaining enough of the precious fluid to fill his keg.

The emigrants resumed their journey very early in the following morning, and traveled with great rapidity over a rolling, arid and barren country, until about half an hour before sunset, when they halted at the Rabbit Hole Spring to rest their cattle a little, and to take some food. Here the water supply was not enough to give any to the greatly suffering work cattle, which were supposed to have traveled forty-five miles without water, and yet the distance to water and grass was not known. The country over which the company had passed was dreary beyond description. There were in it no diversities of color or form to relieve the mind by their variety. The earth was hot iron, and the heavens hotter brass. Everything in sight was parched and arid; and all those sources of beauty, which, from there being so generally diffused throughout nature, are usually regarded as things of course, were here dried up by the hot sun beaming down upon sand and rocks, and panting lizzards. Here was none of the living luster of a gay and beautiful spring, dressed in robes of green, smiling upon wooded hills and grain-covered valleys, or laughing and dancing along, the brooks and rivers. Here none of the rich glories of autumn laden with delicious fruits. There were neither sounds of melody to charm the ear, nor sights of beauty or grandeur to please the eye and delight the heart.

Just as the sun was sinking we resumed our journey, and after descending a little hill, we entered a country even more forbidding, repulsive, than even that I have just described. There was occasionally seen a stray and solitary bush. But this was a country which had nothing of a redeeming character. The very sand crickets and lizzards refused to inhabit it. Nothing presented itself to the eye, but a broad expanse of a uniform dead level plain, which conveyed to the mind the idea that it had been the muddy and sandy bottom of a former lake; and, that after the water had suddenly sunk through the fissures, leaving the bottom in a state of muddy fusion, streams of imprisoned gas had broken out in ten thousand places, and had thrown up sand and mud, so as to form cones, rising from a common plain, and ranging from three to twenty feet in height. It seemed to be the River of Death dried up and heaving its muddy bottom jet-

ted into cones by the force of the fires of perdition. It was enlivened by the murmur of no stream, or the bubbling of even a single fountain, but was a wide waste of desolation, the sight of which appalled the stoutest heart, and where even the winds had died. It was a wearisome, dull and melancholly scene, that had been cheered by the beauty of no verdure since the waters of the flood had subsided, and the dove left the Patriarch's window to return no more.

The poor oxen hurried forward with a rapidity, which will be considered great, if we remember that they had now been two days and one night without either water or grass on a drive which had been estimated to not exceed thirty miles. Some cattle had already perished; and we hastened forward, anxious and distressed amid the darkness and silence of the night.

A little before the dawn of day, a few wagons arrived at Black Rock, where was an immense spring of hot water which cooled after flowing off to a place where it spread out upon a plain; affording moisture to sufficient grass for our faint and suffering cattle during a short stay. Other wagons continued to come up until 10 o'clock. Mr. Crump's team was so reduced, that it became necessary to send back aid to him. Mr. David Butterfield brought him into camp about sunset. His team had been without water and grass three days and two nights, or about sixty hours on a drive, estimated by us as not less than from sixty to seventy miles.

We remained at Black Rock one day and night, for the purpose of recruiting and resting our work cattle; after which we traveled about eight miles to the Great Hot Springs, where we found a limited supply of grass around the most extraordinary locality of springs I had yet seen. From some of these vast columns of steam continually ascended. I walked abroad on the next morning to observe them as they arose in immense clouds to a vast height. The day seemed to kindle from behind the giant mountains. At length, as the sun began to be seen above them, they appeared to rise from beds of flame and put crowns of fire upon their awful heads.

Remaining here two days and nights, we resumed our journey. No longer having any confidence in Capt. Jesse Applegate's judgment of distances or in his statements respecting the character of the country to be passed over, we hurried forward, and soon entered upon as desolate and dreary a country as the sun ever shined upon. There was no sign of vegetation, but the hated and hateful *artimisia tridentata*. Desolation was stamped upon everything in sight. Scarce a vestige of vegetable life appeared upon that wide and far extended sand plain. One might almost persuade himself that a bird had never spread its wings over that hot and burning waste of sterility and dreariness. The noise of even a cricket, broke not the silence, so profound, that a foot-fall pained the

ear. A thin, but, yellow haze hung upon distant objects, while a sort of dazling, glistening heat, seemed to surround everything near at hand. But the scene was too dismal to be described. No object presented itself to the blood-shot eye, but hot yellow sand, here and there a low rock rising above the plain over which a strange curse seemed to brood.

The company toiled on in great suffering, but instead of finding a spring as had been indicated, a desert was found as dry and blasted, as if it had just been heaved up from the bowels of some infernal volcano. The emigrants pressed forward, however, although the poor famishing cattle appeared to be almost phrenzied. The sun at length went behind the mountain with a red and angry look. But this brought with it a cool air that was refreshing, and the poor oxen hastened forward as though they were conscious that their lives depended upon the utmost expedition. At length at about 11 o'clock at night, after traveling thirty miles, we came to the water and grass, the former being bad because it was affected with the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potash, while the grass was greatly deficient in quality. At this place, the company came up with Hall, Croysnt, and Whitley. The last was suffering much from a wound received in battle on Humboldt river.

We remained in this vicinity some two or three days, only changing camps a little to get better water and grass. At length the company resumed its journey, and proceeded forward as fast as the enfeebled condition of the teams would permit, traveling over a country that was generally very barren, until Sacramento valley in California was reached, where the route was certainly as rough and rocky as any over which wagons had ever been taken. But it is impossible, within any reasonable compass of either space or time, to give to those who now hear me, anything like a further history of *daily* events. And could I do so, it would be but a repetition of the previous day's toils and dangers, somewhat varied indeed, but always pressing and gradually reducing the physical strength and material resources of the emigrants. I will therefore omit to note any further historical facts until the 29th October, 1846, when we were about to enter the pass of the Umpqua mountain, now known as the canyon, which Capt. Applegate, at our encampment eight miles west of Fort Hall, thus described to us as he afterwards did in the *Oregon Spectator*, (Vol. 2, No. 4.): "A pool of water about 15 feet in diameter, occupies the dividing ground between the waters of the Rogue river and the Umpqua. There is from east to west, about twenty yards of land between the mountains which rise abruptly to the height of fifteen hundred feet. The descent each way from this point is *very gentle*; that to the south is about three miles, and conducts by a *good way* to the open country; that to the north, is about twelve miles in length. For three or four miles, there is sufficient space of level ground and but *little work*

required to make it a good road; but below this, the stream increasing in size by the entrance of affluents, and the mountains closing in upon it, the road must descend in its rocky bed, made more difficult by some large stones and short falls."

On 29th of October, the emigrants were about to leave their encampment and enter a pass thus described. They had long since learned by very painful experience, that Capt. Jesse Applegate's judgment as to distances, as well as his capacity for accurately describing the line of travel, were not to be relied upon if the abundant evidence of each day's travel was capable of proving anything. Moreover, Messrs. Brown, Allen and Jones, who had pass through it had informed the emigrants that there was too much reason to fear that many cattle would perish upon this "very gentle descent," and that most of the wagons would be lost upon this road which "conducts by a good way to the open country." But the emigrants entered upon the road early in the morning, and after immense toil to man and beast, encamped on the mountain at sunset, only three miles from their last camp. The whole company were greatly exhausted as well as the cattle. Mr. Hall did not get his team in until after dark, although all had traveled over that "good way", the descent of which was represented as being "very gentle." How "good" and how "gentle," the way and the "descent" may be further inferred from the fact that Josiah Morin was compelled to leave his large wagons, and to go forward with a small two-horse wagon, having little else in it than the bed clothing of the family.

Since my own personal experience in getting through this pass will substantially correspond with that of each of my fellow travelers, I will now speak of myself primarily, and of others only incidentally.

On the morning of November 4th, my wife and I determined on making an effort to pass through. We were very weak in consequence of the want of sufficient and healthful food. The road was muddy and the rain was descending in the gorge of the mountain, where we were, while the snow was falling far above on the sides. There was a close canyon, some few miles ahead of us, down which we would have to wade three miles in cold, mountain snow-water, reaching frequently above the waist; considering Mrs. Thornton's feeble condition, it was very doubtful whether she would not perish in it. My own powers of endurance were such as those who had the good sense to keep the old traveled route, may well imagine when they call to mind the fact that our food and other supplies had been laid in with the idea that we were destined for Oregon City, and the settlements by the way of Walla Walla and The Dalles mission, and not by the way of Goose Creek, Humboldt river valley, the Antelope mountain desert, Black Rock desert, and the Sacramento valley in California, to say noth-

ing of other deserts and mountains, to be encountered before setting your faces toward Oregon.

On the morning in question, at an early hour, Mrs. Thornton, myself, and our grey hound, Prince Darco, resumed our journey, I carrying my rifle, revolver, large knife, some ammunition, and a morsel of food in my shot-pouch. We struggled forward, wading cold mountain streams, and through mud up to the knees. We passed many cattle that had perished. We also passed many wagons that had been abandoned, and among them the only one of Josiah Morin, which he had attempted to take through with bed clothing from our camp of Oct. 29th. We also passed household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedding, books, carpets, cooking utensils, broken wagons, and wagons not broken, but abandoned, because it had become impossible to take them through. In short, the whole road presented the appearance of a defeated army having retreated over it, leaving behind whatever had been found to so encumber it as to retard its flight.

Upon approaching near the entrance of the close canyon, we came to where many most miserable, forlorn, haggard and destitute looking emigrants were encamped. Some of the men looked as angry and as fierce as a tigress that had been robbed of her kittens ; while others appeared to be stupified and even stunned by the blow, which their misfortunes had inflicted upon them. One of them, Mr. Smith, like most others, had lost everything, and he appeared overwhelmed with a sense of his calamity. His wife had on a coarse and tattered calico dress, and was otherwise thinly clad, while an old sun-bonnet but partially protected her head. Her child was not in a better condition, while that of the husband an father was even more pitiable. They were all so weak in consequence of a want of food, consumed upon a journey protracted long beyond what they supposed they had a right to expect, that it was believed that they would not survive their protracted toils and privations. I remonstrated with this hapless fellow traveler, persuading him that it would be better for him and his family to perish in the cold mountain water of the canyon, than to await a more miserable death by starvation at that place. He seemed to see the folly of remaining there, and brood over his calamities. He immediately took up his child and about a pound of food, and desired his afflicted and almost helpless companion to follow him.

A relative of his and having the same name, had been standing at that place a few days before, counseling with some of the party, as to the means of escaping their present danger. As he was thus anxiously deliberating, death summoned him away in a moment, leaving a poor widow with seven helpless and almost starving children. A Mr. Brisbane, grandfather of the Dunbar's, died

here as likewise a child. Upon the whole there was indeed a dark accumulation of sorrow casting its sombre shade over this memorable spot. Reluctantly leaving our unhappy fellow travelers, we proceeded on until we commenced the entrance of the canyon. In order that Mrs. Thornton might have as much warmth and strength as possible, to guard against her perishing in the canyon, I proposed with well affected cheerfulness, that she should take shelter under a large fir tree that offered a partial protection from the falling snow and rain, for the purpose of resting a little and taking some food, a small amount of which I had carried in my shot pouch. She affected to be very courageous, and with a show of cheerfulness, desired me to take out our dinner. This I did determining to avoid consuming any of it myself, in order that she might profit by my economy, and thus preserve as far as possible her remaining strength. But when the little store was taken out, she did "not want to take food"—she did "not feel well." I knew from my own sensations, that a more than half famished person would not be likely to "feel well" in such a place, with such antecedents and with such present surroundings, and I knew too that she greatly needed food. I also knew that her real motive, was one of compassionate regard for my necessities. My heart was deeply moved by her generosity and unselfishness, but gulping down my emotions as well as I could, I said with a sort of well affected cheerfulness and playfulness, which, in view of our very grave peril, may now seem to be out of place, "come, now, wife, none of your tricks upon a traveler. You know that I am a man of my own head, and that like some other people, I usually desire to have my own way. If you do not wish to take food, yet I desire you to do so, and that is about the same thing, for you and I, and especially the / the ego, are one you know. Besides, while in this canyon and on this cut-off, you have no rights, which a white husband is bound to respect. She then took the proffered food, but I observed in a short time, that she had contrived to avert her face, and when I managed to get a glimpse of it, I saw her tears falling like great rain drops. Upon finding that her weeping had been discovered, she laughed at the mouth, and cried at the eyes, like the sun half in view and half concealed by a rain cloud, and said "well you might take a little food, if it was even ever so little; so you might, and then I would not feel so sad."

We at length left the partial shelter of the fir tree and entered the stream. We each had along a stick to support ourselves, and to prevent the water from sweeping us into deep holes. Prince Darco swam down, contriving frequently to rest himself, and to wait for us by holding with his barefeet to the side of a rock. Mrs. Thornton, upon suddenly descending into the cold snow water above the waist, was much chilled, and I thought at first that she would perish. I chafed her temples, face, and wrists, which caused her to revive. In the first

moment of consciousness, she bade me not to be alarmed, adding that she was worth two dead women. After proceeding down about three-fourths of a mile, we halted to rest upon some rocks where the water was no more than about eighteen inches deep. Even this was a relief, in fact a positive refreshment, when compared with our condition in water up to, and often above the waist.

At length we resumed our journey, and after sometime, Mrs. Thornton began to lose all sensibility upon one side. I supported her as well as I could, but she soon complained of indistinctness of vision, and she became totally blind. I need not say what were my feelings in that moment of my heart's most bitter anguish. I could not for all the world have carried her dead body out of that canyon. The thought, therefore, of her dying in that place, and under the circumstances which then surrounded us, had in it something peculiarly horrible. Her lips were thin and compressed, and as white and bloodless as paper; her eyes were turned up in their sockets; her head fell back upon my arm, and every feature wore an aspect and fixedness of death. I rubbed her wrists violently, chafed her temples, shook her, and called aloud to her hoping to wake her to consciousness by the sound of my voice. After sometime she revived, and with returning life, sight was restored. She still complained however, of a partial paralysis of one side. But we hurried forward as well and as fast as we could; and at length in great exhaustion, and almost chilled to death, we emerged from that cold mountain stream.

A short distance from the place where we left the narrow gorge, we came to the tent of the Rev. Mr. Cornwall. He had indeed passed through the canyon, but such was the toil endured by the oxen and such was the chilling effect of the water, that nearly all died on the following night. Mr. Cornwall was in no condition to afford us any shelter under his tent. It was literally filled with others as helpless and distressed as ourselves. But the privilege of standing at his fire was in itself, of one that made us feel grateful; and its warmth when contrasted with the cold and suffering occasioned by the waters of the disastrous canyon made us for the time comparatively happy. There were several men about the fire, among whom was the Mr. Smith of whom I have spoken as having induced him to attempt the passage, and although he was almost exhausted, still he was now far more happy with his saved wife and child than persons generally are under circumstances much more favorable to physical comfort. We made a large fire and dried our garments as well as we could, by standing about in the open air, and under clouds that frequently reminded us that they had not yet parted with all their moisture.

I still had a morsel of food in my shot-pouch, and also a small quantity of the best tea. Mrs. Thornton prepared our little supper, and although it was

neither so good as it might have been, nor yet so abundant, as was at that time very desirable, still it was something well worth thanking God for, and we did indeed feel grateful.

After all the occupants of the tent had lain down to sleep, I obtained the use of a chair and a little bench about four feet long, having a sort of a back to it. This seemed like a very rapid multiplication of comforts. I placed them before the fire, and sitting down upon the chair, I had Mrs. Thornton recline upon the bench with her head and shoulders upon my arm, and in that condition we slept until morning, when she declared she had never enjoyed a more refreshing slumber.

On Nov. 5th, we resumed our journey, and after wading Canyon creek thirty-nine times, we were enabled to avoid it by climbing along the side of the mountain. We at length emerged fully into the open plain, and about noon arrived at the place of a general encampment, on the left bank of the Umpqua river, where I believe Canyonville is now situated or probably not far from it. Here I found the wrecks of *all* the companies; and this *all* I am particular to mention that it may not be supposed that our company contained the only unwise people that were on the road that year, to turn aside from the old road on to somebody's cut-off, that leads to the settlements in the Willamette valley in Oregon, by the way of Sacramento valley in California; and over a road along which our wagons were lying in scattered fragments, upon the hill sides, upon the tops of the mountains, and along rocky glens and impassible canyons. Some of the emigrants had lost their wagons; some their teams; some half they possessed, and some everything. Here were men who had a wagon, but wanted a team, others who had a team but no wagon. Mr. Humphrey was the only man, who so far as I have since been able to learn, got to this point with a whole wagon and an unbroken team. All looked thin, lean, haggard, pale, and as though they were as hungry as the wolves. The children were crying for food; and all persons appeared distressed and broken by their calamities.

Among other articles of property lost in the passage of this canyon, was a hive of bees, which, though brought safely thus far, were drowned by the wagon being overturned in the water. This was certainly the first hive of bees west of Rocky mountains. But that around which clustered a greater historical interest than anything else lost, was a Surveyor's compass originally owned and used by the celebrated Daniel Boone during his Kentucky pioneer life. Col. Alphonso Boone, a grandson of Daniel Boone, and the father of the widow of the late Gov. George L. Curry, owned it, but unfortunately lost it with about all else he possessed.

I had sent on to this encampment, two packs of clothing, in one of which

was contained a little food. I had also sent forward a buffalo robe and two blankets. I immediately kindled a large fire at the side of a fir log containing a great deal of gum. With poles, I made a frame, upon which to stretch one of the blankets to shelter us a little from the snow and rain. The buffalo robe served for a bed, and the remaining blanket for a covering; and the soft side of a stick of oak timber made for us a very passible pillow.

We had become too weak in consequence of a want of food, to travel further. But there was hope indulged that food would be sent to us from the settlements. Young men, who knew what were our condition, had gone forward on mules, and we hoped that these would in some manner return with the necessary supplies. In this state of uncertainty and suspense, it became necessary as a measure of prudence, to examine again into the exact state of our little store of provisions, and still further diminish our daily allowance. We had two pounds of good tea, as many of loaf sugar, one pint of rice, one pint of beans, about half a pint of dried peaches, sixty table spoonfuls of the dust of crackers, about one pint of flour and half a pound of dried beef. This scanty supply we determined so to apportion as to furnish us each with three meals a day for ten days. I do not remember our allowance of any of the articles, except the cracker dust, which was one spoonful to each, in the bottom of the cup containing the tea. I need not say, that upon this meager diet, following close upon our previous short allowance of food, we soon become so reduced in strength, that we often staggered as we walked. There yet remained a long road over which we had to pass before we could arrive at the inhabited part of Oregon. While in this condition, I became greatly discouraged as well as reduced in physical energy. I am ashamed to confess that there were short intervals when life was felt to be a burthen, and when I was ready to adopt the language of a better and far wiser man, and to say: "What is my strength that I should hope, and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the streams of a brook, they pass away." I usually however was restored to a strong trust in God's providential care and goodness by texts of scripture coming up in my memory which were always familiar enough indeed, but never before making such an impression on my mind. Among these, I may mention, "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness, he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

At length, my wife informed me, Wednesday, Nov. 12th, as she came toward me with a few spoonful of the dust of crackers in one corner of a little bag, that on the following Friday, we would have an abundant supply of food.

With a manner having little of cheerfulness about it, I desired her to inform me when the mantle of a prophetess had fallen upon her. She replied that our food, even at our short rate of allowance, would not hold out longer than to that time, which bringing us to our extremity, relief would be sent by a God, who had promised that "His bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure."

On the next day, Wm. Kirquindall, with others came from the settlements, with fat beeves and flour to the relief of the starving emigrants. On Friday, the animals were killed, when I bought twenty pounds of beef, one pound of tallow, and eighteen pounds of flour. This supply of food was brought at a time when there was great suffering in the camp. It was sold to heads of families in amounts having reference to the size of the families, and although the quantity thus distributed was so small that it was soon consumed, it was nevertheless of vital importance to the famishing emigrants some of whom had commenced to take from the wolves the cattle that having perished in the canyon, had not already been devoured by wild animals, and poor old man Kennedy, at least, sought to eke out his life and that of his wife, by catching the mice that burrowed under logs.

From this point, the emigrant gradually made their way into the settlements in small parties, as fast as supplies and assistance sent from the Willamete valley, enabled them to do so. The kindness and good will of the people already occupying Oregon, with rare exceptional instances, were well calculated to alleviate the misfortunes and sufferings of the emigrants. Foremost among these was the late Dr. John McLaughlin, formerly Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, a nobler, better, or more benevolent and Catholic man than whom never breathed the pure air of Oregon. The Rev. George Geary, Superintendent of the Methodist Missions and George Abernethy, Governor of Oregon, in like manner, did much to cause the emigrants to feel that they were among friends. I ought to add that the emigrants who pursued the old route by Walla Walla and the Dalles mission, arrived in good season and without loss. When I have considered that the Applegate cut-off—so called—led the emigrants south as far as the head of Sacramento valley, over deserts such as I have described, and through tribes of Indians as hostile as any on the American continent, I have been constrained to believe that only the interposition of God's providence prevented all from either starving to death, or being scalped by the savages. One of the emigrants after his temper had become somewhat soured by Jesse Applegate's mistakes respecting distances, water, grass, fuel, etc., expressed the same thought by saying, in language more forcible than elegant, that we were saved by a God who always takes care of children and fools.

The Donner party from whom we separated on the 19th of July, they turning

to the left to take Hastings cut-off to California, nearly all starved to death, and were literally devoured by each other, as a consequence of representations such as came so near proving fatal to the lives of all of our party.

We cannot explore the recesses of Jesse Applegate's mind for the purpose of discovering the hidden forces, which in the end wrought such disastrous results, yet, even the thirty-two of subsequent opportunity for bringing clearly into view a motive, if such had an existence, that could have influenced him to make a wilfully false statement respecting the road, has failed to discover anything that would have been likely to induce him thus rashly to forfeit character, formed upon the model of a man of a high sense of honor. But smarting under a present sense of loss, the emigrants, in the fever and delirium of excitement, denounced him in terms, which indicated the gangrene of a resentment that was in a high degree unfavorable to a cool judgment upon acts which they saw indeed, but respecting the motive, for which they could only form an opinion. Nor was your speaker less affected by this infirmity than his fellows. But having since traveled very far toward the sunset of life, and standing now in the rapidly lengthening shadows of old age to which brings with it an ever increasing sense of life's responsibilities and of the great duty of charity to all, I look backward through the vista of thirty-two years, and see how possible it was for Jesse Applegate to have been led into erroneous estimates of distances and of the general character of the road by the overweening influence of strong desires that clouded his judgment, and thus disqualified him for correctly describing the route he persuaded us to follow.

And now my dear fellow travelers and associated pioneers, patiently bear with me a little more and I shall have done. To the young and inexperienced, the spring of the year, the season in which we hold our Re-Union, is always one of promise, most ample in its proportions, although it is often found by the too trustful heart to fail in its expected largeness. Still, in the bliss of ignorance as to the distant and glowing future, they looked forward to many coming years that shall bring only pleasure and gratified desires in the attainment of the objects of pursuit. But we are old to-day; and it is well to be reminded that in the hearts of some persons whose

—— "way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

And who possess an especially thoughtful and contemplative turn of mind, that spring sometimes gives rise to a feeling which may perhaps be described as compounded of both pleasure and pain in equal degrees, and so be painfully pleasing. These are apt to reflect upon the delightful alteration of day and night, and as the charming disposition of the seasons succeeding each other in

ceaseless returns, such seeming to forget that there is yet "a better country." But if such persons do not carefully guard themselves, these thoughts may wander until the heart heaves a regretful sigh, because it is not possible to turn back the dial of time, from a period of declining years, when man only by his pains awaking, realizes that he has perhaps even long out lived the springtime of his youth and vigor, and his young life's nimble activities. And yet the mind when reverting to an early and well spent past, should experience no regrets, because for such there is in the near future,

— "A land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers,
Death like a narrow stream divides
This heavenly land from ours."

Such aged persons should moreover reflect that there still remains to them as possible, the power to suffer the inconveniences they necessarily feel because these are incident to the winter of age in which they ought to know, that they do nothing well nor wisely to stand in shivering inactivity, but that they should bestir themselves in the yet possible spheres of benevolence and general usefulness, until their hearts warm with sympathy for suffering humanity in whatever form it may present itself. They should reflect, and the good man and woman does reflect, that if old age has its attendant inconveniences as the winter of life, its springtime had no less; and mourn that the former is free from many of the responsibilities which attach to mature manhood and to middle age. He or she has too "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends."

It is then, an old persons duty no less than privilege, to cultivate an easy and contented mind; to wear the insignia of old age gracefully, and to make the most of such blessings as an ever watchful Providence still permits, while waiting by the river. And indeed, as much as this inculcated by even ancient heathen writers; and Horace in one of his epistles, employs language to express himself upon this subject which has been thus rendered :

" 'Tis not the place, disgust or pleasure brings,
From our own mind, our satisfaction springs."

Let us not then fall into the too common error, of considering old age as only the season of a life either wearied with burdens long borne in the days exhausting heat, or satiated with enjoyment; but as the fall time, when the various faculties have been tried and proved, and selfishness is shown not to have preyed

upon the good feelings which all should carry with them into the business of the world. We will rather regard ourselves as having come to the calm even-tide of the busy day, to gather and garner the experiences of a toilsome past, to serve us through a winter whose bright spring is yet come. Nor let us too much occupy ourselves with retrospective and say as did Fontenelle, "had I again to begin my career, I would do as I have done."

WILLIAM WHITNEY.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

William Whitney, who departed this life at Butteville, June 1, 1878, was born at Sutely, Hintindenshire, England, in 1808, having consequently reached the allotted time of three score years and ten. At the early age of 19 he married Elizabeth Taylor, of Bourn, Lincolnshire, with whom he lived for 48 years, she having preceded him to the spirit land, April 4, 1875.

Mr. Whitney being dependent upon his daily labor for the support of his family, and having neither trade nor education to assist him, seeing no prospect of acquiring a home and a reasonable independence while remaining in his native land, therefore decided to leave his wife and child with their friends, and seek for more propitious surroundings in the United States. Accordingly he embarked for New York, where he arrived early in 1830. Going thence to New Jersey, he readily found employment, and in due time sent for his family.

Mrs. Whitney rejoined her husband in 1832, but had the misfortune to lose their only child, a son, who was drowned just prior to her sailing for America. After spending several years in Pennsylvania, he migrated to the prairie region of Northern Indiana, where he purchased land, and in a few years surrounded himself with all the necessary comforts of life.

The settling of the Oregon boundary question, and the much talked of land donation to settlers, revived the spirit of emigration in the western States, giving additional inducements to settle on the distant shores of the Pacific. Mr. Whitney partaking of the prevailing excitement, sold his farm, and with his wife and six children proceeded early in 1847 to the Indiana frontier, where he joined Gen. Palmer's train of emigrants. After having endured the usual privations, dangers and hardships common to the overland emigrants of those days, he reached French Prairie late in the following fall. Here he purchased a land claim, which he improved and cultivated with more than usual success for a quarter of a century.

In the fall of 1848, in company with a small party composed of nearly all the

American settlers then living in the northern end of Champoeg county, now Marion, he made the overland journey to California, in quest of gold. Notwithstanding he met with the usual success of the inexperienced miners of those early days, he remained but a short time in the mines, rather

"Preferring home, with plow in hand,
Turning o'er the fertile land."

In the spring of 1849, Mr. Whitney was one of a company of three who opened to some extent, the almost impenetrable bottom lands, erecting the first mills upon the site where Aurora now stands. In 1852, he rendered very efficient service in assisting to form the first school district organized in Marion county, and was for many years an active and liberal patron of the school.

Having endured for six months the countless hardships incident to making the journey from Indiana to Oregon in 1847 by ox train, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, in the spring of 1870, determined to try the then novel contrast of recrossing the continent by the more swiftly gliding train drawn by the iron horse, which, to their admiration was pleasantly accomplished. After spending some time with friends in the Atlantic States, they now determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to revisit their native land. On reaching their old home in England after an absence of forty years, they found that nearly a whole generation whom they had left in the full enjoyment of middle life were now silent in death, while the remaining associates of their youthful years had grown gray in the service of the more favored few, upon whom they were generally dependent for the common comforts of life. After the enjoyment of a long visit, they bade a last farewell to the endearing scenes of early life, returning to the Great Republic better pleased in every respect with the country, than when bidding adieu to their children and adopted home in Oregon.

RICHARD H. EAKIN.

. BY J. HENRY BROWN.

Richard H. Eakin, who died near Salem, Dec. 18, 1878, was born in Liverpool, England, July 3, 1817, and received a good English education, and for several years in early life was a sailor, having made two trips around the world, in connection with several other long voyages. He came to Oregon as second mate in a ship commanded by the late Captain John H. Couch, arriving at their anchorage a short distance above where Portland now stands, on March 3, 1842, for the purpose of loading the vessel with wheat for the Hudson's Bay Company. He left the ship at this point and came up the Willamette valley and settled upon the farm where he continuously lived until the time of his death. In connection with farming, he made saddle trees for several years, and at that early day, had business transactions with nearly every man in the then sparsely settled Territory, and always acquitted himself with agreeableness.

Soon after he settled upon his farm, he married an Indian woman, a native of the valley, by whom he had several children, giving to all a very fair education and preparing them to grapple with civilization and their surroundings. Mr. Eakin was very methodical in all of his habits; he kept a strict account of all his farm expenses from the first day of settlement on the farm up to the day of his death; every day's work was set down, every acre or field was charged with the amount of labor, seed, threshing, etc., and credited with the yield with as much precision as a merchant keeps his books.

In the evening he taught his children at home, having organized a regular school, and conducted it in the same manner as our public and private schools are. He was also a great reader, which covered quite an extensive field—history, poetry and romance; being a great admirer of Scott's and Dicken's works, and was able to entertain any person with his agreeable conversation. The night that he died, he conducted the family school as usual, wrote on his slate the day's work and retired to read one of Dickens' novels, which he perused for some hours, as was his habit while in bed, laid down the book, methodically

placed his spectacles on the same, turned upon his side and in almost an instant expired, supposed to be the result of an epileptic fit, as he had an attack of the same during the last summer, when he was apparently dead for a few minutes.

He leaves two elderly sisters living in England. Mr. Eakin has not been out of Oregon since he arrived in 1842, except two trips to California in the days of gold excitement. He was an energetic and observing man, who attended closely to his own affairs, and was respected by all who knew him, and considered one of the best of neighbors.

STEPHEN TARBOX.

BY HON. STEPHEN STAATS.

Stephen Tarbox who died near Monroe, Benton county, Oregon, Nov. 6th, 1878, was born in the State of Maine, in 1812. He enlisted in regular U. S. army, and on the expiration of his time, emigrated from Missouri to Oregon in 1843, in the same train with Hons. Jesse Applegate, James W. Nesmith, and Daniel Waldo. He was of Irish descent, peaceable disposition and well respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He had no family.

I noticed a short article written by Mr. J. Henry Brown, announcing the death of Mr. Tarbox, thus he says, "one by one the men and women of the '40s are passing away, and the time is not far distant, when all who linked their destinies with the emigrations of the '40s will have passed from earth to swell the ranks of the 'Pioneer Dead,' who abandoned civilization in the East to rear and spread its beneficence on this western continent." And who, in the present or the future, can refuse to accord a meed of praise to these early pioneers for their heroism and undaunted perseverance in accomplishing the object for which they struggled. Those who still survive, can rejoice at the glorious results that have ensued from opening up this beautiful clime to settlement and high civilization. When he, whose death has just been recorded, first trod the soil of Oregon, a perfect wilderness met his gaze; while he who now records his death can rejoice in all the pleasures of social life, and claim as high a civilization for our beloved Oregon as exists anywhere on this western hemisphere. A kind thought to the memory of Stephen Tarbox. When, forty years ago, we first exchanged kindly greeting, which of us could have imagined that he who pens these lines, would have occasion to call to mind an incident that happened on the 4th day of July, 1836, when both of us, young in years, had no thought of the future. The sad event of that day calls to mind some of the early associations of Tarbox, when he with Capt. Charles Bennett, and Samuel Walker, now deceased, were companions in arms under the command of the gallant Stephen A. Kearney, commanding officer of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leaven-

worth. Bennett at the time being 1st Sergeant of Co. A., Capt. E. V. Sumner, commanding. Walker, 1st Sergeant of Co. under Capt. Ben Moore, who was killed in the Mexican war while gallantly fighting for his country, and Tarbox, a private in the same company, where he was highly esteemed by his comrades, and received the approval of his commanding officer.

Who of us, forty years hence, will recall the names, Bennett, Walker and Tarbox? Who, of the then living, will reflect upon the struggles of those early pioneers, and speak a kind word to their memory? Let the "Pioneer Association" of Oregon guard with jealous care the history of the early settlement of our State, and prepare in such form that a century hence, they who peruse it may drop a tear of gratitude to those who left friends and plenty behind them, and secured to them a home in a clime unsurpassed on earth.

GOV. GEORGE LAW CURRY.

George L. Curry was born in Philadelphia, July 2d, 1820. His father, Geo. Curry, 1st Lieutenant, commanded—the Captain being sick—the Washington Blues of Philadelphia, in the engagement with the British preceding the capture of the city of Washington in the war of 1812. His grandfather, Christopher Curry, came from England, died in Philadelphia, and was buried in Christ Church burial ground in that city.

In 1824, he went with his parents and family to South America, and resided in Carraccas, in the then Republic of Columbia. He returned with his parents and lived until the death of his father in 1829 on the family homestead near Homeshurgh, Penn. With his guardian—his uncle, William Curry—he went to Boston in 1831, where he passed nine years of his boyhood. In 1838 he was elected and served two terms as President of the Mechanics' Library Association, a very flourishing educational and literary institution at that time in the city of Boston. Many of his addresses and poems delivered before that society were published, thereby making him still live upon the historical pages of that institution. A Boston newspaper has said: "While Governor Curry resided in Boston, he took an active interest in the Mechanic Apprentice's Library, which was then in the height of its prosperity, and filled the office of President for one or two terms. He was a genial companion, possessing considerable literary and poetic taste." During his sojourn in Boston, he was apprenticed to the jewelry trade, working in the same shop with Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania.

In 1843, he became a resident of St. Louis, where he became acquainted with Joseph M. Field, the actor and manager (father of Miss Kate Field), and connected himself with him in the publication of the *Reveille*, which publication also had as inaugurators at that time, Col. Charles Keemle and Mat., brother of Joseph Field ("Straws" and "Phazma" of the *N. O. Pirayune*.)

In 1846, he left St. Louis for the Pacific coast by the overland emigrant route, and arrived in Oregon City, Oregon, on the 30th of August, of the same year. He immediately assumed the editorial charge of the *Oregon Spectator*, the first newspaper published on the Pacific coast. A few short months prior to his death, and when he was yet seemingly in robust health, a newspaper speaking of his

arrival in Oregon, said: "We remember reading with pleasure his instructive letter published in the *Oregon Spectator*, descriptive of his trip and his last camp in the Cascade mountains, when, as he said, he 'slept tranquilly on the snowy bosom of Mount Hood.'" The same writer also says: "Arriving at Oregon City, he found the *Spectator* peeping feebly and timidly around among the fir trees, its voice unable to rise above the roar of the falls of the Willamette, and kindly took it in charge. Under his management it became not only one of the most western papers in the world, but a real gem of the wilderness." Closing he says; "The name of Geo. L. Curry is in every page of Oregon's history, from the moment of his advent down to the present time."

In March, 1848, he commenced the publication of the *Oregon Free Press*, the first weekly newspaper on the Pacific coast. The press was made in the country, and a portion of the type—the display letters—were wrought out of wood. An editor of a journal, referring to this paper, said: "The material of the *Free Press* was of French descent, and had inherited no 'w's.' The editor tried hard to write without 'double u's;' but the country and its inhabitants were too weird and wild and wonderful, and his own fancy too warm, and his ways too winning for him not to be willing to wield a pen as free, full and untrammelled as were his surroundings; so he whittled two 'V's' out of some very hard fir bark and went to work. This little feature gave the columns of the paper a decidedly unique appearance, and was really one of its many attractions." This journal was discontinued towards the close of the first year, on account of the general rush of the population to the gold fields of California in the fall of that year.

And it was during this period of his life (March, 1848), that he was united in marriage with Chloe Donnelly Boone, daughter of Col. Alphonso Boone, a great grandson of Daniel Boone, who emigrated to Oregon with his family from Missouri in 1846. They were among the first who traveled and experienced the disasters of the Southern route into Oregon, which led through tribes of unfriendly Indians, almost impassible canyons and over difficult mountains. All who came that year by this route lost all their teams, wagons, stock, and other property, and barely getting into the settlements alive. Indeed some were not so fortunate, and their remains now whiten those dreadful passes through the well nigh inaccessible mountains. His union was blessed with six children, two daughters and four sons, all of whom, with the exception of a daughter, are still living.

In May, 1853, unsolicited by him, he was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, as Secretary of the Territory of Oregon. A few days after induction into office, he became Acting Governor, in consequence of the resignation of Gen. Joseph Lane, who held that office. He discharged the du-

ties of both offices until the arrival of Gov. John W. Davis, in December of that year. Nine months afterwards, upon the resignation of Gov. Davis, he became again Acting Governor. He continued the discharge of both positions, until his appointment as Governor a few months thereafter. He held the office of Governor until the spring of 1859, when the State government was inaugurated. His friends then made him a candidate for U. S. Senator, but he withdrew his name and assisted in the election of the successful candidate.

In 1860, his friends again made him a candidate for the same position, and after protracted ballotings, he came within one vote of an election; but a combination between the Republicans and a portion of the Douglas Democrats ultimately culminated in success.

The term of the official service of Governor Curry, from 1853 to 1859, was an eventful period in the history of Oregon. The character of its institutions was formed and developed with the rapid enlargement of the settlements, and the increase, progress and prosperity of its people. Indian troubles were frequent. The Rogue river Indian war occurred in the fall of 1853. In the fall of 1855, war hustled along the whole frontier, north and south. Upwards of twenty-five hundred volunteers were kept in the field for several months, besides the U. S. troops stationed in the country. This was the most formidable and bloody war in the history of the Northwest coast. In these campaigns Gov. Curry distinguished himself by his effective service in conquering peace. He received the thanks of the Legislative Assembly of both Oregon and Washington Territories, for the efficiency of his services in protecting and defending the people of both Territories against the attacks of Indians; in honor of whose services, a county in the State of Oregon now bears his name.

He was of singularly amiable disposition, honorable, and gifted with a versatility of talents of such a degree, that whatever he undertook was well performed. During his public life no one ever insinuated a dishonest act against him, though his public career embraced a time when political rancor ran to a high pitch and but few men escaped the shafts of calumny; and indeed it has been said that while he was Secretary of the Territory he credited the government with the premiums which were realized by him from drafts sent out for the Territorial expenses.

In 1866, he received the thanks of the Directory of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, for a speech before the Board of Trade of the city of Boston, and other efforts in behalf of that enterprise. As an editor in St. Louis in 1845, he wrote in favor of a railroad to the Pacific, and a year later, on the shore of the Pacific, he again wielded his pen in behalf of this great enterprise. After an active public life in the years mentioned, he retired for a while to his farm

on the Willamette river, a short distance above Oregon City, and there engaged in farming. He was appointed State Land Commissioner and a member of the State Board of Equalization.

In 1873, Gov. Curry delivered the first Annual Address before the Oregon Pioneer Association, which held its Re-Union that year at Butteville, but not published until 1876, as the copy had been overlooked by Gov. Curry.

Gov. Curry was in every sense of the term a self-made man, having never received but three months' schooling in his life. But by hard study and constant reading, he acquired much, and as a well read man, he had few equals. He devoted a great deal of his leisure to literary pursuits, and his graceful pen adorns the best publications of the State.

His death was attributed to the effects of a cold taken while writing late of evenings when the room in which he was engaged had become too cold for occupancy. His illness lasted for several months, during all of which time he was never heard to utter one word of complaint, though he knew the shadow of Death was hovering near. At last, on July 28th, 1878, as the evening Sabbath sun sent its last effulgent rays athwart the western skies, death in reality, the implacable conqueror of humanity, laid his hand on the community of Portland, and the spirit of Gov. George L. Curry winged its flight to unseen worlds above, leaving a family to mourn the loss of a husband and father, whose loving kindness is never to be forgotten, and a community to keep within the halls of memory the life of a brave and true pioneer citizen.

ISAAC N. GILBERT.

BY REV. P. S. KNIGHT.

The subject of this sketch was born near Rushville, Yates Co., New York, June 27th, 1818, and died in Salem, Oregon, March 20th, 1879.

Mr. Gilbert was one in whom the pioneering instinct was very early developed. He made his way westward to Illinois at a very early age, and in the summer of 1844, at the age of 27, in company with three adventurous companions, he crossed the plains and became one of the earliest American settlers in the Willamette valley. The farm two miles northeast of Salem, which he has left in a fine state of improvement and cultivation, was his original donation claim. He was married March 27th, 1850, to Marietta, daughter of Alfred Stanton, an immigrant of 1847. The family have been widely and favorably known, and always identified with the best interests of Salem, from the beginning of its history to the present time.

Mr. Gilbert was the first County Clerk of Marion county, filling that office acceptably for three years. He made the first plat of the city of Salem; was intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Willson, and was one of the chief witnesses whose testimony turned the recent suits with the Willson heirs in favor of the city and county, saving to the public uses to which the benevolent founder of the city devoted them, Marion Square, Willson's Avenue and the Court House block. Being a practical surveyor, he filled the office of County Surveyor one or two terms; laid out and platted the Territorial road from Salem to Foster's at the foot of the Cascade mountains, in 1846, at that time the longest public highway in the Territory.

Mr. Gilbert was a remarkably quiet and unobtrusive man, yet one of marked and positive influence. He loved the quiet life of the farm and the peaceful surroundings of home, yet was not found wanting when any public duty demanded his attention. In 1850 he rode on horseback, in company with his wife, from his farm on Salem prairie to Oregon City, a distance of 36 miles, for the purpose of uniting with the church of his choice. July 4th, 1852, he became one of the four founders of the Congregational church in Salem, having long

before selected a lot for its future building. To himself and his energetic wife that church has been largely indebted through more than a quarter of a century as its chief helpers. That the church feels its debt of gratitude to the departed, and also now the bereaved widow, was shown by the large attendance of its members at the memorial meeting, at which time appropriate preamble and resolutions were adopted, expressive of their appreciation of the character and labors of the deceased.

HON. JOHN SHUNK ZIEBER.

BY J. HENRY BROWN.

Hon. John S. Zieber was born in Pottstown, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, May 14, 1803, where he resided with his parents until he arrived at the age of 16 years, when it became necessary for him to learn a trade, and he chose that of printing, and entered the office of John Rogers, to acquire the mysteries of the "art preservative," where he worked for three years, and then went to the city of Philadelphia and finished his trade in the book and job office of Mr. Manning, where he remained some time. From Philadelphia he went to Baltimore, Maryland, where he remained a short time, then went to Cambridge in the same State, on the eastern shore, where he was married to Miss Eliza Sloan, Feb. 1st, 1825, living a happy domestic life for 53 years, when death severed the bonds in the present year. From Cambridge, he moved to Princess Anne, Summerset county, in the same State, and started a newspaper called *The Village Herald*. April 3, 1827, which he continued to publish for eight years, and severed his connection with it in April, 1835.

From October 4, 1836, to 1839, he edited the *People's Press*, but the spirit of "going west" urged him to seek new fields, when sending his office and household goods to Illinois, followed with his wife and children; but upon arriving at St. Louis on his way, he heard of the great misfortune that the warehouse in which all of his earthly possessions were stored, had been consumed by fire. But Mr. Zieber was not the man to despair, and continuing his journey, arriving at Peoria, Ill., in December 10, 1839, where he set about purchasing another office, and on February 20, 1840, issued the first number of the *Peoria Democratic Press*, which soon took rank with the most influential papers of the State. Mr. Zieber was a terse and trenchant writer, going direct to the object desired. Having entered into politics, he was elected as a member of the Legislature, in 1844-45. Although we have been informed that he was not a ready speaker, he wielded considerable influence, which quietness and a sound mind always carries with it.

In 1846, he sold his newspaper and retired from politics, but remained in business in Peoria, until April 19, 1851, when, having previously disposed of

his property he started with his family across the plains to Oregon. The trip was attended with all the hardships usually endured on that long, wearisome and exhaustive trip, and at times were almost reduced to suffering for want of food, but arrived at Oregon City, October 11, 1851, lacking only eight days of being six months in performing the journey. Mr. Zieber immediately went to work at his trade in the *Oregon Spectator* newspaper office, and afterwards in the *Oregon Statesman*, but having a clerkship offered him by Surveyor General Preston, he accepted the position, where he remained until 1855. After leaving the Surveyor General's office he went to Salem and worked for Mr. A. Bush, who was Territorial Printer as well as publisher of the *Oregon Statesman*. The writer, who was then an apprentice, passed many happy evenings with Mr. Zieber, and, under his direction, learned to fold, gather and stitch books, which afterwards became of considerable benefit to him. In March or April, 1856, Mr. Zieber received the appointment of Surveyor General, which office had been removed to Salem by his predecessor, and induced Mr. Zieber to move his family to Salem, which was quite an accession to the society of that small city. At this place, Mr. Zieber's eldest daughter married Mr. Bush, now a banker in Salem. Through changes in the federal administration, Mr. Zieber was removed, after which he retired to his farm, four miles north of Salem, where he resided until his death, Nov. 12, 1878, carrying with him the respect of all persons of all political parties. His record in office was good, and even his most bitter opponents could find nothing at which to hurl the shafts of political spite.

Mr. Zieber was the father of six children, two sons and four daughters, the eldest being Hon. Albert Zieber, of Portland. John Zieber, who was formerly clerk in the Surveyor General's office, and afterwards Secretary of the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing Company, which position he held until a short time before his death in 1862, was a gentleman well respected by a large number of acquaintances. Mrs. Eugenia Bush, the eldest daughter, died in 1862. She was a lady of rare culture, whom to know was to respect. In 1870, Miss Zula Zieber, the youngest daughter, was removed by death just when budding into womanhood. She was kind, affable and beautiful, but "death loves a shining mark," and she was early called away to the realms above. The second daughter was married, but has been a widow for several years. There now remain at home only the lonely widow and two daughters to miss the kind voice of a venerated husband and father.

At the age of 75 years, 6 months, Mr. Zieber was stricken down with paralysis, Nov. 12, 1878, and within two short hours, passed away from all earthly care to join his children who had gone before. He was a man of strict integrity, social and humane, of varied and extensive reading, well posted in the political

history of his country, a splendid conversationalist, quiet and unassuming, possessed of sterling worth, influential and had hosts of firm friends.

Mr. Zieber had been a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for years, and carried out the principles of that institution with scrupulous exactness. The fraternity mournfully assisted at the funeral, assuaging as far as possible, the inexpressible grief of the family and the stricken widow.

A good man has gone, and what is earth's loss is heaven's gain.

HON. EDWIN N. COOKE.

BY J. HENRY BROWN.

The subject of this sketch is a lineal descendant of the puritans, who came to America in the ship *Mayflower*, and landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Dec. 20, 1620. Among the number of that historical band, was Francis Cooke, and his son, John Cooke, who settled, and the families for many generations lived in that and other Colonies, up to the time of the revolutionary war.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Mr. Cooke's great grandfather, Asoph Cooke, lived near Boston, Massachusetts, and had four sons, who espoused the American cause and enlisted in the patriotic army, and remained there until the termination of peace, seven years afterwards, serving with distinction, afterwards marrying and rearing large families. The subject of our sketch has seen three of them when very old men, and heard them recount the story of the struggle over and over again.

The grandfather of Mr. Cooke, after the revolution, married Thankful Parker, and settled in Granville, Washington county, New York. He reared a family of four sons and one daughter. The eldest son—Asoph—was the father of E. N. Cooke, who married Mary Stewart in 1805, and had one son and one daughter born to them, when he moved in 1808 to Jefferson county of the same State, where Edwin N. Cooke was born February 26, 1810, near where the town of Adams now stands. That portion of New York State was at that time, almost a wilderness. In 1814, the family removed to their old home, where two more sons were born.

In 1816, the family removed to Warsaw, Genessee county, New York, where they remained one year, and in 1817, emigrated to the State of Ohio, the then far west, settling with many relatives of the family name, in what is yet known as "Cooke's Corner," in Huron county of that State. Here the family endured many of the trials incident to the pioneer life of those days, suffering greatly for the want of provisions and clothing, so much so for the latter that his mother used up the sheets from the beds for shirts, spun flax and a neighbor woman wove it to make clothing; the men mostly wore buckskin pants.

The incidents of his life for several years were not varied from that of young men brought up to pioneer life. In 1826, Mr. Cooke's mother died, thus meeting with a great bereavement in early life.

After his mother's death, he went to Sandusky City, Ohio, where he could obtain better educational advantages than he had hitherto possessed. Here he remained sometime, until he deemed it necessary to do something towards his own maintenance, and although still quite young, he determined to start out upon his own responsibility. He made his way to Auburn, New York, where his mother's brother, Mr. David Stewart, resided. He was a thorough business man and a successful merchant, and to him, Mr. Cooke always felt that he was indebted for much of his business qualifications; for he kindly received him and instructed him in all the branches of his business.

His uncle soon became interested in him and much pleased with his business tact, decided to start a "branch house" at Genesee, placing him in charge as a partner. He was successful beyond his expectations, but having a love for travel and an adventurous disposition, an opportunity occurred in which his desires could be gratified. Advantageously associated with others, he started with a stock of merchandise for Texas, but while on the Gulf of Mexico, was shipwrecked. He was lashed to the rigging for days and barely escaped with his life. He however succeeded in reaching his destination, but of course met with serious losses.

His career while in Texas was full of eventful incidents, owing to the unsettled condition of the country. After remaining here for some time, he started on his return to Ohio, accompanied by his eldest brother. While proceeding up the Mississippi river, whose waters were unusually swollen and rapid, the large steamer which was freighted with much combustible material, suddenly became enveloped in flames. His brother was very ill—the night was dark and boisterous, but not a moment was to be lost. Seizing his brother by the collar, he sprang overboard, where the swift current carried him a long distance below the scene of the disaster, where many found a watery grave. Mr. Cooke, however, after almost superhuman exertions, succeeded in reaching the shore with the apparently lifeless body of his brother. After a long and vigorous effort, he at last succeeded in resuscitating him, and they were enabled to reach Cincinnati. Here he obtained employment until his brother was sufficiently recovered to proceed on the rough and perilous journey of those days to Sandusky City.

He married on September 5, 1835, at Oxford, Ohio, Miss Eliza Vandercock, with whom he lived a happy domestic life up to the time of his death of over thirty-three years. Mr. Cooke was engaged in the merchandise business with one of his uncles in Sandusky City, and continued the same for several years, until

his business house burned in the winter 1849, he then removed to Clyde and thence to Fremont.

In 1848, while living in Sandusky City, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance, and carried off more of its inhabitants according to the number of its population than any city in the State. The people became panic-stricken and fled; stores were closed and all business suspended. Mr. Cooke alone remaining at his post. So rapidly did the people die, that it was impossible to bury them singly in graves, but a long trench was dug in which the dead were hurriedly placed, and so lightly covered with earth, that a brick and cement vault was afterwards built over the trench, so as to secure the inhabitants from the effluvia of the corpses. Mr. Cooke's uncle, who was Mayor of the city, died during the epidemic, as he had been constantly engaged in relieving the distress of the plague stricken community.

In 1851, he started across the plains to Oregon, and stopped a short time at Salt Lake and traded for stock. He was an invalid when he started, but the journey proved very beneficial to him, in fact gave him a new lease of life for many years of usefulness. On his arrival in Salem, he built the old "Headquarters Building," that stood on the corner of Commercial and State streets, where the bank now stands, and began the business of merchandising with Mr. George H. Jones, of Salem, under the firm name of Jones, Cooke & Co.

Mr. Cooke also purchased a house of the late John L. Starkey, on the corner of Liberty and Division streets, and for several months kept a hotel, which for years afterwards was known as "Cooke's Hotel," but now known as the Mansion House. He traded that property to the late John Hunt for a farm, which he owned for about three years, a portion of the time residing on the same.

In 1854, his only daughter, Miss Fannie, was married to Hon. Thomas McF. Patton. They moved to Southern Oregon. In 1856, the company dissolved, and sold the store to Mr. John L. Starkey, and Mr. Cooke returned to the Eastern States, accompanied by his wife, where he remained nearly a year, settling up the business of the late firm. On his return, he added to the town by laying out into town lots the land north of Division street, and is known as "Cooke's Addition," on a portion of which he built a fine residence, and beautified the same by cultivating rare flowers, shrubbery and fruits; residing there some years.

In 1862, he was nominated by the Republican State Convention for State Treasurer, an office to which he was elected, and which he held for the ensuing eight years, being re-elected in 1866. Passing through the two terms with honor to himself and the party that elected him, although a close and searching examination was made by a special committee appointed by the Legislature to exam-

ine the books of the different State Departments, Mr. Cooke came out without a spot or blemish on his record as an officer, or character as a man.

In 1862, in connection with A. A. and D. McCully, S. T. Church and others, he organized and successfully conducted for several years the corporation known as the People's Transportation Company of steamboats, to navigate the Willamette river from Portland to the head of navigation. Although a monopoly, it was not oppressive, and transacted an immense amount of business. This company constructed the canal and basin at Oregon City, at a cost of \$133,000, including the land for right of way; this work reflects great credit on the projectors. They also offered to construct the locks and canal for the State at a much more-reasonable price than was paid, so that boats could pass the falls similar to the west side that was constructed, and that the State would own them. The company ran an opposition line upon the Columbia river in 1863, but was not successful. In 1871, the company sold out to Benjamin Holliday, Esq. Mr. Cooke was one of the Directors of the company from its organization until it dissolved.

In 1866, he formed a co-partnership with Messrs. McCully and Church, and established a large store in Salem, and continued the business for some time.

In 1868, in company with his wife and Hon. J. S. Smith and family, he visited Europe, where he remained several months. For several years he had been an active and useful member of the Board of Trustees of the Willamette University.

On December 6, 1852, in company with Gen. E. M. Barnum, Judge B. F. Harding, Gen. Joel Palmer and C. S. Woodworth, Esq., he organized Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, the first Lodge of Odd Fellows' organized on the Northwest Pacific coast. He retained his membership in the Lodge to the day of his death, a period of over 26 years, and is the only one of the charter members not living.

For a number of years he had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church, and assisted in various ways by his counsels, and the most liberal contributions from his purse, to aid in the work of this church.

In about 1866, Mr. Cooke became interested in an iron foundry, at Portland, which was kept in operation sometime. It will thus be seen that Mr. Cooke was a progressive and energetic man, one well calculated to benefit any country in which his lot might be cast.

On his return from Europe, he constructed a beautiful residence near the State Capitol building, in which he resided up to the time of his death.

In 1875 and 1876, he was elected Vice President of the Oregon Pioneer Asso-

ciation, and acquitted himself with credit and benefit to the Association. I have before me an article written by Mr. Cooke, on the objects and benefits of the Association, which is clear and concise, setting forth its objects in a plain and unmistakable manner. It was published in the transactions of 1875.

In an article published in the *Oregon Statesman* of May 14th, the day after his death, I find the following: "There is scarcely a branch of our society that will not keenly feel his loss. We sum up the sentiment of all who knew him when we say that a truly good man has fallen; one who helped to lay the foundation of our social and political fabric; one whose lot has been cast with ours for more than a quarter of a century; one who has gone up and down our streets for a whole generation; one who in all these years has been foremost in every good work; one who in storm or sunshine was always the same kind, cheerful, firm, upright and unflinching soul, swerving neither to the right or to the left, and obeying only the behests of duty. One whose every act, whose whole life was such as to give the world assurance of a man. His career will stand as an enduring lesson—a lasting commentary upon the exceeding beauty of a well ordered life."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all," with firmness in the right, as God gave it to him to see the right, a deep sympathizer with the widow and orphan. He was not one to coin silver from man's misfortunes, gold from the widow's tears or gather diamonds from the orphan's moans. His hand was ever open to just charity; his counsel was true and tender. His character was a model for the youth, a guide for the adult. We had none who excelled, few to equal our departed friend, Edwin N. Cooke, who died in Salem, May 6, 1879, aged 69 years and 10 days. He has gone to enjoy the inheritance that a blameless life and a devoted christian is awarded after this life of toil.

SIMEON SMITH.

Mr. Simeon Smith, who died in Salem, May 11, 1879, was born in Columbian county, Ohio, February 16, 1823. He was a son of James Smith, who died in Salem a few years ago, a bother-in-law to Mr. John Barger, now residing in Klickitat valley, W. T., also has several brothers living in Marion county. He was also connected by marriage to Mr. Taylor, who resides in the Waldo Hills.

In 1838, the family moved from Ohio to Missouri, where they resided until the spring of 1845, when they started across the plains to the then almost unknown and far distant Oregon, arriving in the fall of the same year, after enduring the vicissitudes incident to the journey in those days, and has remained a constant resident ever since, greatly aiding in the development of the country in a quiet and unostentatious manner. Mr. Smith married in Oregon, and was the father of four children, three daughters and one son, all of whom are now unassuming and useful citizens of our State.

He settled on a donation claim in the hills west and south of where Turner's Station now is, and resided there for a number of years, but sold the same about three years ago. He moved into Salem in 1855 or 1856, to better educate his children, and retire from the hard work that he had subjected himself to for a number of years. In 1856, he again married; and now leaves a mourning widow.

The writer has been acquainted with the deceased for thirty years, and during all that time, never once heard anybody speak an ill word about him. Proverbally honest, kind as a neighbor, indutrious and frugal, quiet and unassuming, possessing an equitable temper, and all who knew him (and he was widely known), respected him. He possessed musical talent and was naturally sociable, a splendid companion around the camp-fire; the writer has been with him on a trip in the mountains, when the weather for a portion of the time was not propitious for enjoyment, but the inconveniences incident to occasions of that kind did not overturn his equanimity of temper, but disposed to look on the bright side of all temporary discomforts. He has been engaged for the last few

years, in connection with others, in the manufacture of shingles at Cedar Camp, as he was not disposed to pass his time without some occupation.

Mr. Smith had been in failing health for sometime, and struggled manfully with a general debility, superinduced by hard work in the early years of his life.

In his death, the bereaved widow and children lose a kind husband and affectionate father, the Oregon Pioneer Association a steadfast member, and the community a good citizen. Thus one by one the old Pioneers, who saved this beautiful land to our common country, reclaimed it from a wilderness, and founded a Provisional Government, compelled the Federal Government to recognize us and create a Territorial Government, and afterwards admit us as a State in the Union, are dropping out of the ranks in the march of time. They were men who could rear homes in a wilderness, found governments and defend the same and homes by the force of arms. Each death leaves a particular void.

CAPTAIN RICHARD HOBSON.

BORN, 1829. DIED, 1878.

Richard Hobson was born in Derbyshire, England, October 23, 1829. On the 16th of January, 1843, with his parents and the rest of the family, he sailed from Liverpool for the United States of America. In the spring of the same year, the family started from Missouri to cross the Rocky mountains for Oregon, arriving at Fort Vancouver on November 17, 1843, and following on down the Columbia river, located their home on Clatsop plains in January, 1844.

In 1848, young Richard could not resist the excitement of the gold fever in California, but after working in the mines for about one year with varied success, he returned to his home in Clatsop before the close of 1849. In the year 1853, he married Kate K. Young, who came to Oregon in 1849, and who still survives the loss of a kind, loving and true hearted husband. With that spirit of enterprise and love of adventure characteristic of almost all of the early Pioneers of the Pacific coast, when news came to Oregon of the discovery of extensive and rich gold diggings in Australia, he determined to seek his fortune and there, in May, 1854, with his young wife accompanying him, he took passage for the Australian gold mines. Here he remained five years, but though tolerably successful in his mining operations and afterwards in business, his heart yearned for his Oregon home, and in September, 1859, he again entered the mouth of the Columbia river, having seen quite enough of the world to decide him that henceforth, for him, there was no place like Oregon in which to make his permanent home. From this time, Captain Hobson turned his attention to the navigation of the Columbia river from the bar at the mouth, to Portland. As pilot and master of numerous vessels in these waters, he always gave more than ordinary satisfaction. His energy, sobriety, honesty, capability, and withal, his remarkable suavity and close attention to business, made him a general favorite. For many years, the farming community of Clatsop plains entrusted their entire trading business to him, and his withdrawal from that trade

was to them a severe disappointment. His honesty was proverbial, his word was always his bond.

Though naturally of a retiring disposition, and never happier than when in the bosom of his family at his own fireside, Capt. Hobson was cool and brave in emergencies, and always prompt to respond to the cry of distress. Unremitting labor and constant exposure to all weathers, at length told on a constitution never very robust.

With a view of recovering his health and strength, in 1877 he made a prolonged visit to his friends in the Sandwich Islands. He returned apparently very much benefitted, but the restoration was not a permanent one, and he was soon again compelled to resort to medical aid and advice without however receiving any permanent beneficial results. He suffered much from bronchitis, and for many months, though able to walk around, he could not raise his voice above a whisper. The mild climate of the Islands induced him again to repair thither. He soon realized however that his disease had made such progress as almost to preclude all hope of recovery. He expressed himself as ready for the summons of the grim tyrant Death, but fondly hoped he might be spared to gaze once more on the beloved features of his devoted wife and affectionate children. He took passage on the Barkentine *Jane A. Falkenburg*, commanded by his friend and brother pioneer, Captain Hubbard. But, though provided with every comfort and watched over with every attention that was possible to bestow on shipboard, his fondly expressed desire was not to be granted. No more on earth was he to be permitted to gaze on those dear ones bound to him by the tenderest ties of love and affection, as well as by blood relationship. His gentle spirit took its flight from its tenement of clay two days before the *Falkenburg* entered Astoria harbor. Knowing it would be a melancholy satisfaction to the beloved wife and children, Captain Hubbard made every effort and succeeded in bring the remains of his comrade ashore. The funeral was largely attended, many of our oldest pioneers acting as pall-bearers, and the body was conveyed to Clatsop Plains and buried in the family burying ground in Clatsop cemetery. Captain Hobson leaves a wife and five children who deeply deplore the loss of a kind husband and loving father. His voyage of life is completed; we trust he has reached the harbor of eternal refuge. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."